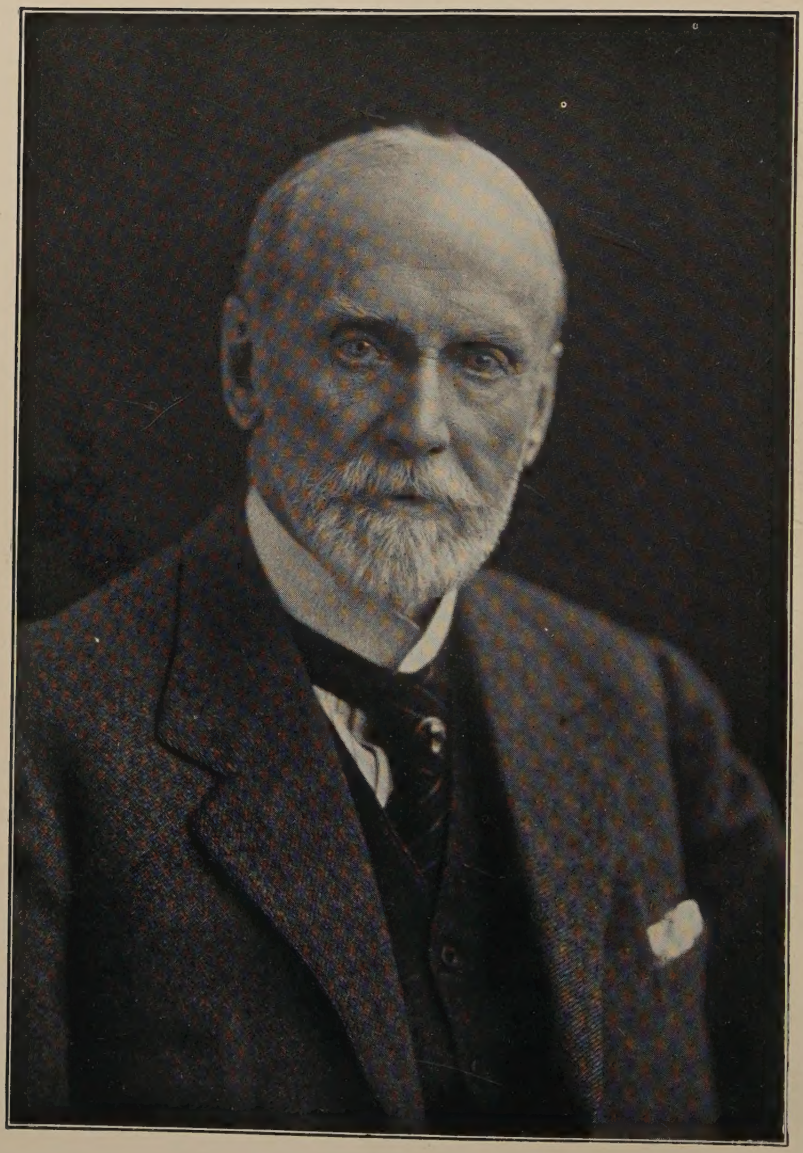
A LIFE'S RECORD.

Mrs. Stanley Sulins
with the author's best wishes

June. 1924.



E. P. Ingell

A LIFE'S RECORD

"Retrospect, with some Recollections"

[*Revised*]

BY

E. C. P. HULL

FOR FAMILY AND PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HARRISON AND SONS, LTD.,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.
1924

DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE,

who with a rare soundness of judgment and devoted comradeship, has ever been to me a source of support and comfort throughout the best years of my life.

INTRODUCTION.

It having more than once been suggested to me that the recital of some of the salient features of a long and varied life would prove of interest to those who come after, I have employed a period of comparative leisure to try and carry out the idea. It has been a pleasure to myself to have this excuse for recalling some of the more interesting experiences in my recollection, and I can only hope that they may prove equally so to those for whom they are written.

E. C. P. H.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAGES
I.	Family History	1
II.	We leave Scotland	7
III.	Ceylon on the Horizon	11
IV.	Arrival in Ceylon	19
V.	The Charlemont Estate	24
VI.	Maousakellie and Dunira	32
VII.	Rangalla	41
VIII.	The Coffee Estate	48
IX.	Snakes and Reptiles	55
X.	The Wynaad	61
XI.	The Eurasian Community	68
XII.	Madras	70
XIII.	Religion and Caste	77
XIV.	Homeward Bound	83
XV.	In Search of Employment	89
XVI.	Lodgings in London	93
XVII.	Leadenhall Street	96
XVIII.	The New Business	102
XIX.	Foreign Coaling Business	108
XX.	Some Coaling Depots	115
XXI.	Ship Owning	123
XXII.	The Suez Canal	133
XXIII.	Marriage	139
XXIV.	Various Foreign Trips	148
XXV.	Visit to Italy	156
XXVI.	Egypt	160
XXVII.	America	180
XXVIII.	Shooting in Scotland	190

CHAPTER PAGES

XXIX.—The German Tourists and others before the War 198

XXX.—The Great War 204

XXXI.—Air Attacks on London and Submarine Sinkings 213

XXXII.—The Family in the War 222

XXXIII.—I Retire from Business 226

XXXIV.—County Work 230

XXXV.—The Magistracy 236

XXXVI.—The Shrievalty 240

XXXVII.—Departed Statesmen 247

XXXVIII.—The Royal Earlswood Institution .. 250

XXXIX.—We leave Earlswood Mount and Reigate 256

XL.—English Porcelain 262

CHAPTER I.

Family History.

I was reminded on looking over the "Reminiscences of a Strenuous Life," written by my late brother, Professor Edward Hull, F.R.S., that a fitting opening to an autobiography should be some reference to the family history of the writer. I am the better able to give this having some years ago drawn up, with the assistance of my son, Trevor, for private circulation a sketch of the family history, in which are a number of details unnecessary to reproduce here.

The origin of the sketch referred to was a discussion with the Heralds' Office in Queen Victoria Street, in regard to the Arms which had been in use by my grandfather. This led to my being brought into communication with the Irish Herald's Department, then presided over by the late lamented Ulster King of Arms, Sir Arthur Vicars, who at my request instituted a "search," from which some interesting information evolved. The original family appears to have been that of the Hulls of Larkbeare, in the county of Devon, which flourished as far back as the fifteenth century.

In the early eighteenth century an Edward Hull was agent of Lord Hillsborough, being succeeded in this office by his son Daniel. Both held the office of "Sovereign" of Hillsborough—probably corresponding to that of Mayor of the Borough. The

connection of the Hills and the Hulls continued for several generations, down to the time of my grandfather.

The two names appear to have been used indifferently both in Devonshire and in the north of Ireland.

The reputed connection between the Hull Family of Larkbeare and Sir Walter Raleigh arose in this way. George Hull (nephew of Henry, Mayor of Exeter in 1588) married Margaret, daughter of Walter Raleigh of Fardel, the sister of Sir Walter Raleigh. When the celebrated knight, having received a grant of land in Munster (42,000 acres), went to Ireland in 1588, he was accompanied by George Hull and his wife, and settled in the neighbourhood of Youghal. It was here that potatoes and tobacco were first planted, brought by Sir Walter from Virginia. The son of George Hull and his wife was Sir William Hull, afterwards well known in the County of Cork.

On the other hand, our branch of the family settled in Ulster, where they were closely associated with that of the Hills, now represented by the Marquis of Downshire, at Hillsborough, County Down.

Owing to the political troubles of the period, it was not possible to trace back our branch of the family in Ireland further than 1661, many parochial registers and other records having been destroyed. Nevertheless, the Arms in regard to which the whole question arose were confirmed and a Patent granted by the Irish College.

The family had always in the past a largely military record, and it is a source of much satisfaction to me that one of my sons now upholds the tradition, in the 1st Battalion, Royal West Surrey Regiment (The Queen's), and that he and his two brothers served with distinction throughout "The Great War," as will be found later on in this narrative.

I must now say something about my parents. My father, the son of Edward Hull, a Justice of the Peace for County Down, one of H.M. Collectors of Customs, first at Donaghadee, and afterwards at Portsmouth, was a man of culture and refinement. In a small history of the Parish of Bangor, County Down, his name is recorded as the first "Curate in Charge." He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was a gold medallist in classics, to which he was always attached, maintaining, and no doubt justly, that in his early days a knowledge of these was much more in vogue among the upper classes than in these later times.

When a young man my father, accompanied by his brother, afterwards Lieut.-Col. A. H. Hull, made a tour in Scotland. Furnished with introductions, they called upon Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, who invited them to breakfast, when they received a most kindly welcome. This was an experience afterwards looked back upon with much pleasure and interest.

Essentially a poet, he brought out several volumes of verse, the first being "The Lake and Other Poems." Piety and poetry flowed together in the current of his thoughts, and often in country walks he

might be heard, thinking himself alone, uttering aloud devout aspirations. Never was he known to utter an unkindly or depreciatory sentiment of any one.

My mother was one of the four daughters of Captain George Benson, of the Dragoon Guards of that day, the sisters being sometimes spoken of as the "Belles of Newry," being much admired for their beauty. Beautiful in disposition as in person best describes my mother; a bright and gracious kindliness to all were her universally admitted characteristics, and the greatest sorrow of my life was when the news of her departure for a better world reached me, in Madras, about the year 1868.

In 1841 my father, having been appointed Domestic Chaplain to the last Duchess of Gordon, our family bid adieu to Ireland and migrated to Aberdeenshire, where we found ourselves established in a comfortable home, within a short distance of Huntly Lodge. Here, life was peaceful and uneventful, and as I grew towards boyhood with my sisters, my brother Edward, many years my senior, being then at school, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin, my time was chiefly spent in roaming about the extensive gardens and grounds, on friendly terms with the gardeners and other employés who, I am bound to say, always treated me with the greatest kindness.

During this time a painful tragedy befel us, in the death by drowning of my younger brother "Johnnie," in an ornamental pond in the grounds. On a fine sunny day in mid-winter, the snow being

some feet deep, we were taken out for a walk by the nurse. By an evil fate we took our way towards the pond which, with its gold-fish and rockeries, was a constant attraction, but now frozen over. My little brother at once ventured on the ice which, to our inexpressible horror, broke under him some few yards from the bank. This was a terrible blow, and to this day I remember, with a shudder, the gardener carrying home the little body, with the shrieking nurse by my side. A few years ago, I paid a visit to the grave, some three miles out of Huntly, and it was a comfort to erect, after more than half-a-century, a marble cross with a suitable record over the sacred spot. It may sound fanciful, but is no less a fact, that "Johnnie," though less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old when we lost him, was a singularly saintly child, being in the habit, when in the shrubberies alone, of singing hymns he had learned at his mother's knee. This was naturally much talked of by the local people, and leads one to wonder what this second Samuel might have become in later life, had he not been thus called away, prematurely as it seems to us.

I must not leave this period without some reference to the last Duchess of Gordon, whom I shall always remember with feelings of affection. She was of course a "great lady," and Mistress of the Robes, I believe, to Queen Victoria. While stately and dignified, she was also invariably gentle and sympathetic, and we children, as well as our parents, always enjoyed our meetings with "the Duchess."

She would frequently drop in to see my mother, who became greatly attached to her. In this connection, a curious incident occurred in after years. My mother, with whom the Duchess maintained a regular correspondence, would relate how in our Suffolk Vicarage one morning, many years afterwards, she was astonished to encounter apparently coming down stairs the bodily presence of her old friend. She at once came and told my father that she feared the Duchess must have passed away. This indeed proved to be the case, as we were to learn a few days later.

CHAPTER II.

We Leave Scotland.

I must have been about 8 years old when we left Scotland. It came about in this way. There had been much discussion in connection with the question of Church Establishment and great bitterness prevailed. One of the most zealous propagandists of the Free Church movement, a Dr. Moodie Stewart, of Edinburgh, was a frequent visitor at Huntly Lodge, and in the end these visits resulted in the Duchess deciding to leave the Established Church of England and Ireland, and join the Free Church of Scotland. She would have liked my father to remain with her in the capacity of Domestic Chaplain, and also to carry on his charge of the small episcopal chapel at Huntly, but he felt this would be but a contracted sphere. He, therefore, entered into correspondence with the then Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, with a view to work in that Diocese.

Here a curious difficulty had to be recalled. When my father first came to Scotland, he received a communication from the then notoriously ultramontane Scottish Bishop of Aberdeen (Dr. Skinner), claiming recognition of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. This my father, being of decided evangelical views, was not inclined to give. Correspondence ensued, and the Bishop took the extreme and quite unusual course of responding with some sort of excommunication! No very serious consequences appear to have followed, but before entering an English

Diocese the question arose as to whether this might create a difficulty. My father therefore placed the circumstances before the Bishop of Gloucester, who replied that the decree would have no effect, nor prejudice my father in any way, provided his "letters of orders" were found to be regular, which they were duly proved to be.

In due time we arrived in London, having made the journey from Aberdeen by steamer, and a little later in Cheltenham, where my father had accepted a curacy, and took up our abode in Pittville, near the gates opening into the public gardens of that name. The following years in my case were occupied, first at a preparatory school, carried on by a lady, with a number of small boys, but, more alarming, a robust mother, who would thump our diminutive backs with a large and heavy fist, whereby we were kept in a state of constant nervous apprehension. From this seat of learning I was later removed to the school of a Mr. Milner, a gentleman who had been in the University of Mannheim, and who was something of an eccentric! He had an excellent knowledge not only of German, but of French, and it is perhaps suggestive, in these post-war days, that Mr. Milner's method of imparting the German language was by means of a sort of military drill, such fragments as "ich habe gehabt . . . du hast gehabt," etc., being accompanied with a swinging of our arms in time. We had also to learn French in rhymes. Morning school always opened with prayers in the French language, at which, my pronunciation being

supposed to be superior, I was often called to officiate. My next move was to the old Grammar School, which was at that time being resuscitated, and was attended by some 300 boys, mostly sons of the local tradespeople, under the charge of a Head Master, a good scholar and a man of impressive deportment, whom we held in great veneration. Unfortunately, he some time later retired abruptly from this important position, to the astonishment and regret of all interested in the School.

While at the Grammar School, I became the victim of a piece of injustice, which, though unimportant in itself, shows how those in authority may sometimes be misled. The class or "form" was presided over by a learned university mathematician, usually so wholly absorbed in abstruse problems of his own as to be oblivious of what was going on among the boys under his charge. On one occasion, the boys, being thus left to their own resources, were occupied in mutual chatter, when an evil inspiration occurred to one who had a special spite against myself. He suddenly started up, exclaiming in a horrified manner, "Oh, sir, did you hear what Hull has said?" This awoke our master from his reverie, and he hurriedly enquired what it was all about. An accusation was then devised of my having made some improper remark, of which I had never dreamed. I loudly thereupon accused my foe with lying, a charge in which I excitedly persisted. The scene naturally led to my being reported forthwith to the Headmaster, by whom I was condemned to a flogging. Some months

later, a parent instituted proceedings in the local court against the Headmaster for having punished his son with undue severity. The case excited great interest, details being published in the local papers, and a record of all cases of corporal punishment during the previous twelve months was called for. Among the names of the victims of this ignominy, as bad luck would have it, appeared my own. Great was the disgust of my father, who had until then heard nothing of the original episode. I was happily, however, able to fully satisfy him of the injustice that had been perpetrated.

My father's means had not admitted of his sending me to the more aristocratic Cheltenham College, which would have been much pleasanter. Between the College and Grammar School there existed a chronic and acute condition of war, and many were the battles which took place between the boys of the two seats of learning. These hostilities originated, I think, in the adoption for the first time by the boys of the Grammar School of the Collegiate Cap (mortar board), the privilege of wearing which had previously been confined to the "College" only. This the students of the latter strongly resented. Things went on in this way for some time, until owing to the constant more or less serious casualties which were occurring on both sides, an armistice was finally effected, partly by means of conferences between the school authorities, but perhaps more effectually by the substitution of a *red* tassel for the College "mortar board," which I believe is still in use.

CHAPTER III.

Ceylon on the Horizon.

At this juncture an important change in my career began to loom on the horizon. It came about in this way. A missionary deputation was visiting Cheltenham, and being entertained by my father, I was invited to join the party in the dining-room. As usual in such cases, the visitor asked as to the direction of my aspirations for a career in life. In view of my hesitation, my father replied for me that I appeared to be somewhat of a "roving turn" of mind. This was no doubt the result of my having a year or two before made a silly attempt, in company with another lad, to run away from home, with the idea of going to sea in some vessel from Gloucester, the nearest shipping port. This escapade, of which I was naturally not very proud, was, happily, not now disclosed. The result of my father's remark was that our guest said he had a nephew in Ceylon, doing well in connection with coffee, and that he would, if so authorised, write out and ask if he could find me an opening of some kind. This suggestion was received with enthusiasm. A few months later, my father received a letter from our missionary friend, stating that Captain Bird, of Kandy, was willing to take me into his employment, with a view to a beginning in coffee planting. This was joyful news, and the proposal was at once accepted. Eventually, a

passage was taken for me in one of Messrs. Tindall's small sailing ships trading between London and Colombo, dated to sail in the following February. The winter of 1855 in London was the most severe within living memory, and when my father and I arrived in London, it was found that the docks were frozen over to a thickness of some two feet, and consequently no ship could move either outwards or inwards. There was, therefore, nothing to do but wait. I well remember the dreary winter day, and my feelings of desolation, when I parted from my father in the City, opposite the Mansion House, as he descended from the omnibus and disappeared in the crowd, leaving me a forlorn derelict with a lump in my throat! Some 15 years elapsed before I saw my dear father again.

On my fifteenth birthday, March 1st, 1855, the ice having broken up, I left the East India Dock, a passenger on the barque *Agrippina*, 280 tons register, Captain Rogers, for Colombo. The first night we spent at Gravesend, to await the captain, the remainder of the crew being later tumbled on board in a state of helpless intoxication, with their sea chests thrown in after them. The Custom House and ship's officers gathered in the saloon, and having drawn off supplies of brandy from the casks which it appeared were on board in bond, spent a convivial night, my cabin adjoining, where I lay lonely and miserable. Next morning, Captain Rogers, being now on board, the *Agrippina* wended her course with sails spread, and we were in the grip of the rolling sea.

For the first fortnight my condition was one of unmitigated misery. Day after day I lay in my berth, a victim to sea-sickness and sorrow. Little had I foreseen such an ordeal as this. My one obsession now was to return "home," and be once more restored to all I had so lightheartedly left behind. The idea of food was loathsome, the water disgusting, being kept in closed barrels, brown with rust and highly malodorous. The steward was a good-natured fellow, and did the best he could to comfort me. The Captain also visited me occasionally, and from him I exacted a solemn vow that he would not fail to carry me home on the return voyage.

There were two other passengers, young fellows like myself, but older and more robust, both bent on coffee planting—one from Perth, the other from Devonshire.

After the lapse of some weeks, our good barque began to draw within the region of the Equator, some 3,500 miles south of the Thames. Until now I had taken little interest in my surroundings. The first two or three weeks had been entirely a blank, but the resilience of youth was beginning to assert itself. Brought up on deck a mere helpless shadow, I now began to waken up to something like normal conditions.

This state of things was to be shortly disturbed by a disagreeable experience. My fellow passengers began to speak of mysterious rites to be observed on the Equator. "Crossing the Line," references to "Landlubbers" crossing for the first time, were

also being whispered among the men in the "fore-castle." All this seemed to forebode something the reverse of pleasant. On consulting the chief officer, or "first mate" as he was styled, a fine robust Englishman, he made light of the whole thing, as a trivial "spree" to be indulged in by the crew, which would not amount to much, but suggested that it might not be amiss were we to contribute something to their entertainment, as an indication of good-will, as, for instance, a bottle of brandy from each of us, which we could buy from the Captain. This seemed an excellent solution of all difficulties, and we accordingly bought three bottles of the desired stimulant and presented it to the men in the forecastle, equivalent to about a quarter bottle all round. The momentous day arrived, when we found ourselves on the Equator. Great preparations were evidently proceeding amidships. A sail had been spread out, held up at the corners, into which sea water was pumped. A board was placed across the middle, and another leading up to it. Each passenger in turn was now called forward, blind-folded, and seated on the middle board. A number of rather silly and futile questions were put by members of the crew, purporting to be officiating for Father Neptune, a number of promises, some of a rather disreputable nature, exacted amid roars of laughter. Resistance, of course, was out of the question. Besides, the officers had advised good-humoured acquiescence on our part as the best policy for fear of worse persecution. Suffice it to say, that a noisy, rough and really disgusting

piece of rowdyism had to be submitted to, and endured to the end. Now for the sequel. In the evening, sounds of revelry and disorder in the forecastle began to reach us, and seemed steadily to increase in uproar. The Captain and first and second mates, with ourselves, meanwhile remained, as usual, quietly passive on the quarter deck, watching whereunto this might grow. Presently, the roysterers began to move aft towards where we sat. The first mate was sent by the Captain to order them back, but without effect. The rioters, as they had now become, came on, shouting and swearing, and obviously hopelessly mad with drink. The mate was thrown back struggling with the advance body, and we found ourselves the centre of a scene of violence beyond anything I had ever before witnessed; blows were struck on all sides, the Captain and officers being attacked and giving heavy blows in return. After several men had been knocked down severely punished, the others began to give way and to retreat back to their own end of the ship. After a time, several who had been laid low were bound hand and foot, and order was restored. The prisoners were dragged off, bound as they were, to some lock-up forward and put in irons, followed by the most furious threats, the actual words used by the Captain and officers being that the men's "lives would be sworn away" when the ship arrived at Colombo. Such was "Crossing the Line" on board the good barque *Agrippina* in the summer of 1855, nothing short of a mutiny in fact! After all this, a good deal shaken, I retired to my berth for

the night, not failing to load up a pair of horse pistols, with which some kind friend had presented me before leaving home, and place them under my pillow for use in case of need. Happily, this need did not arise, and I slept soundly till morning!

In a short time the whole affair was forgotten, and the imprisoned mutineers, probably ashamed of themselves when sobriety returned, were freed from their shackles and allowed to return to work.

Over-indulgence in alcohol was in those days a terrible curse among sailors, as indeed far more prevalent even among the upper classes than would now be tolerated in any decent circles. As an instance, I recall one old sailor in the forecastle, who had made numberless voyages to the East and back, solemnly telling me that there was one function he never omitted, when arriving home at the end of a voyage, and that was to proceed to a particular public house near the Docks, and there order "a royal salute," consisting of twenty-one glasses of spirits, which he would consume one after the other till all were emptied! And yet, this was a rather attractive old fellow who had obviously many good points of character and disposition!

As the weeks passed, it became more and more tedious and monotonous being cooped up in a barque of under 300 tons, rolling and pitching on the trackless ocean, changes of weather producing the only variation. Each of us followed our own bent, a favourite distraction of mine being an accordion with which I beguiled many a weary hour, sitting the while in one of the boats slung on the davits

over the ship's side. At other times we would practise climbing the rigging, as far as the top-gallant cross-trees. It was not an easy feat to tackle the "futtick shrouds" while the ship scudded along in a fresh breeze. Fishing for dolphins, "Bonita" and other fish was also among our occasional recreations, not to omit practical joking. On one occasion I was asked whether my life had been insured, this being my only chance in the event of shipwreck! My depression, on being obliged to answer in the negative, of course aroused great hilarity on the part of my tormentors.

Our captain, allowing for occasional outbreaks, solemnly attributed by the crew to the influence of phases of the moon, was a good example of the British seaman of the time. I should not omit to record that Divine Service was held on the quarter-deck every Sunday morning, and this was really well attended by those on board, the officiating minister from the first being the present writer. Why the youngest on board should have been appointed to the office was never quite clear. It is amusing to recall that the captain, a Methodist himself, pointed out, after the second or third service, that the frequent changes of position, standing, sitting and kneeling, as ordered by the Rubric, were too complicated, so that a more simple procedure was thereafter adopted.

Land had been sighted only once during the voyage—the Island of Tristan da Cunha, I believe —but at length, after 120 days at sea, and having experienced every kind of weather, from calms to

hurricanes, our good little ship arrived one evening off the coast of Ceylon, opposite a place called Negombo. Never shall I forget the joy and romance of finding ourselves at anchor and boarded by smiling and picturesque natives from the canoes alongside, bringing all kinds of articles for sale, but most acceptable of all, bananas, oranges, pineapples and mangoes, the first fresh fruit seen for months, and consequently, needless to say, most gratefully indulged in.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival in Ceylon.

Next day we reached Colombo, some seventy miles down the coast. Here I was welcomed by some kind people named Kershaw, relatives of Captain Bird, who were awaiting my arrival, and conveyed me to their charming house, surrounded by a beautiful garden, to be entertained for a few days before proceeding to Kandy. This short visit to a civilised home on dry land was indeed a luxury and a joy, and in these surroundings sea-sickness and even home-sickness were alike forgotten for a time.

It was not till long years afterwards that the railway was established between Colombo and Kandy, and all passenger communication and carriage of mails in those days was by stage coach. This was similar to the "char-a-banc," for usually ten or twelve passengers, with an awning overhead. Horses were changed every eight or ten miles, the journey being broken half way at a place called Ambepusse, where a hearty meal was provided at the comfortable post-house. The journey to Kandy of 72 miles was accomplished in the 12 hours; starting at five in the morning, and arriving about 5 p.m. The road passed through beautiful scenery, especially on approaching the hill country, Kandy being about 1,700 feet above sea-level, the rise beginning from the first 30 or 40 miles after leaving Colombo.

Arrived at Ambepusse, a gentleman at the table called out, "Is there anyone here named Hull?" On my responding in the affirmative, this gentleman stated that he was deputed by Captain Bird, of Kandy, to say that I was awaited there, where I should find a welcome, which was, of course, reassuring.

Captain Bird, a kindly and estimable man, resided, with his wife and two boys, in a charming house with garden and grounds on rising ground above the Lake at Kandy.

The Lake I should say to be about a mile in length and half a mile in width, partly surrounded by wooded hills, the town being at the lower end, on the opposite side. Kandy is a highly picturesque town, with a large native population, with churches, hotels and villas, its special features being the large Buddhist "Temple of the Tooth," surrounded by groves of palms.

The road round the Lake, on which stood the Captain's house, has many sharp curves, and on the promontory opposite was a Buddhist Monastery, embowered in cocoanut trees, and occupied by a considerable number of priests. Here devotions were carried on by the community, swathed in the light yellow flowing garments universally worn by Buddhist priests. These services involved constant tom-tom beating and vocal chanting, which hardly ceased day or night. Altogether, these conditions proved attractive and fascinating, lending a romantic colour to the surroundings.

Not far from the Lake is a large green, with

the Hotel for European visitors on one side. From the green the main street extends northwards for a distance of some two miles, to the Mahawella Ganga river, spanned by a fine bridge. Adjacent to the Lake is also the Temple of the Tooth, the repository of the *reputed relic* of Buddha, the founder of a faith held by probably one-fourth of the human race. The relic is said to be of a size hardly consistent with its *bona fides*, but the belief in its genuineness is too profitable a source of revenue, from the offerings of visitors to the shrine, to admit of unbelief. Once a year the "Festival of the Tooth" takes place, when a procession of elephants, magnificently caparisoned, passes through the town to the Mahawella Ganga, amid reverent multitudes and deafening tom-tom beating.

Speaking of the Mahawella Ganga Bridge recalls an amusing episode. The Governor had come from Colombo to celebrate the opening and Kandy was crowded. There was a banquet in the evening, at which most of the Europeans were present. Some of us adjourned afterwards to the Club, to play "Pool." Time was forgotten, and the game only ended with daylight. Still in evening dress, about six in the morning I repaired to my friend Lemarchand's abode at the Bank. No one was up, I sat down in the drawing-room, and, of course, immediately fell asleep. My repose was interrupted by a hand on my shoulder, and looking up I found myself facing Colonel Sims, R.E., then in command of the Roads Department. "Young man," said he, "I'm afraid

you didn't go to bed last night." I told the Colonel frankly how the night had been spent. He then asked who my companions had been. Unfortunately, one of these was on his staff, and the latter afterwards told me he had received a severe "wigging" from the C.O.

At a point some seven or eight miles short of Kandy, the road passed through a tunnel blasted out of the solid rock on the hill-side. The story is, that there was a legend among the old Kandians that their country could never be conquered unless by a foe "able to penetrate the rocks," and in view of this it was thought politic to make this tunnel, and thus convince the Kandian people of the futility of resisting an invasion of their country by so resolute an invader as the English.

My hope and expectation had all along been that my stay in Kandy would be of short duration, and only a passing stage *en route* to the longed-for coffee plantation. It transpired, however, that during the period of my long voyage my dear parents, fearing that exposure to a tropical sun at my early age would involve undue risks to health, had arranged during the long sea voyage, for the first few months at any rate, I should be employed in the capacity of tutor to my patron's two nice boys, of about 6 and 8 years respectively. There was no great hardship in this, and I at once accepted the new *rôle* marked out for me. All would have gone well and happily but for an unforeseen difficulty, in the person of an elderly English nurse, who had, up till that time, been solely responsible for the manage-

ment of the boys, and regarded my intervention with the utmost hostility. Every obstacle was placed in my way on all occasions, and it was most trying to find my plans and arrangements continually thwarted.

At this time I was exactly 15½ years of age. It is not surprising, therefore, that when, after a few weeks' residence with Captain and Mrs. Bird, I was told that my sleeping accommodation in the house could no longer be spared, and that for the future my night quarters would be at the Coffee Mills, at Bogambra, about a mile distant, I looked forward to my lonely nightly migration with some misgiving. It was generally understood that snakes, of which more later on, not uncommonly took the opportunity of darkness for crossing the road, and that it was usually necessary to rattle a stick in walking so as to avoid stepping on them. Another peril, as I saw it, existed in my having to cross the military parade ground of the Native Malay detachment of the Ceylon Rifles quartered at Kandy, and it was with a thump of the heart at first that I found myself challenged by the sentries, feeling certain that, should my response fail to be strictly correct, I might be summarily shot! However, all these memories of a boyhood long past can now be laughed at, though truly serious at the time.

CHAPTER V.

The Charlemont Estate.

Eventually, the inevitable crisis arrived, and I most thankfully accepted the proposal of a Dr. Dodsworth, a medical man who kept a dispensary in the town, when dining at the house one evening, that I should go out to his coffee estate, Charlemont, some 14 miles distant, and give my services in assisting the young manager there. Bidding, therefore, adieu to my friends, including my young pupils, with, I believe, mutual regard and regrets, I shortly afterwards proceeded to my new sphere, and thus began an elementary training for my new career.

The daily routine on a coffee estate begins about 5.30 a.m., when the coolies, men, women and children, from 100 to 300 in number, gather on the parade ground in front of the large store building, and are drafted off to the various works in different parts of the estate. These estates vary in extent, usually from 100 to 300 acres. The superintendent, his assistant, or a native overseer, each accompany the different parties, set them to work and supervise operations, so that the work be proceeded with in an orderly manner. At 10 o'clock, or thereabouts, the manager returns to the bungalow for breakfast. At 11 or 11.30 he is out again on duty till 4.30, when to the sound of the bugle work ceases for the day, and the tired masters and coolies return to the parade ground, the latter having their day's

work recorded in the pay books before dispersing. Needless to say, the coolies take their mid-day food, consisting of an humble bowl of boiled rice with condiments, out with them each morning, and, as it would be impossible to buy sufficient in the bazaars, every coolie is supplied with rice once a week from the estate store, the price in those days, about 3*d.* a measure, to be deducted from the wages at the end of the month. These wages were in those days at the rate of 8*d.* a day for the men, 6*d.* for the women, and about 4*d.* for the children. On a big estate, a considerable amount of cash is required for the monthly pay day, and once a month the manager goes into Kandy to the Bank, to bring back a bag of rupees, on the head of a coolie.

After a pleasant stay of three months on Charlemont as an honorary assistant, I was, to my delight, offered the management of a small estate of 100 acres, in the Hewahette District. Although this estate was a small one, it seems rather strange now, on looking back, that I should have been considered qualified for so responsible a post, after hardly any experience, and being only really a boy of 16. However, I did not shirk the responsibility, and became manager of Codegalla, at the magnificent salary of £100 a year, full of zeal and good intentions!

Codegalla lay on the slopes near the top of a range of hills, and was backed by precipitous rocky cliffs, with forest on the remaining three sides. No other estates or inhabitants were within some miles. Consequently, when I took up my abode there, a bungalow being only now in process of construction,

the place was extremely lonely and rather trying to the nerves of a lad like myself. It was a common occurrence to be awakened by the rasping roars of cheetah or panthers passing down from the cliffs behind, in close proximity to my sleeping room. The loud barking of elk (or "Sambur" deer) in the woods was an occasional variation. I was meanwhile sharing the bungalow of a neighbour, by name Payne, about three miles distant on the low ground, while my own house was being completed. One morning, while wending my way through the jungle to my work, I was unexpectedly confronted by a fine leopard, which dropped quietly from the bank on to the path, about 10 yards in front of me. Calmly turning, he surveyed me, as much surprised as myself. Needless to say, I did not advance, but stood gazing at the handsome beast. The latter then turned, slowly passed down the bank, and disappeared.

Knowing the effect of conditions generally on my nerves, some of my more frolicsome neighbours tried at times to improve the occasion! One night, being asleep and now established in the new bungalow, I was awakened by a gunshot, immediately outside my window. Leaping from bed I crept out by the back door towards the "Go-down," occupied by the "Appoo," or native servant, whom I met coming, equally scared, to meet me in the dark. Each of us then cautiously moved round to the front of the bungalow whence the shot had proceeded. No one was to be seen. Presently from behind some large boulders, about 30 yards from the house, two more shots in rapid succession were discharged.

I noticed that the flashes appeared to be almost perpendicularly upward, and concluded therefore that the house or its occupants were not being aimed at, and therefore shouted a challenge. A loud guffaw was the response, and forth issued my neighbours Payne and another very "larky" fellow named Waring, living about three miles off. I felt rather pleased than otherwise by this "attack," which interrupted my solitude for the time being, and invited them in, a supper being improvised to celebrate the occasion. Perhaps such experiences were beneficial rather than otherwise, and a useful training for future trials requiring strength of nerve!

There were about 60 or 80 coolies living in the "lines" at Codegalla. The estate had to be weeded over once a month, under a contract with a Tamil "Kangani," so as to be kept "clean" from weeds, the planter's chief bane, especially on a young estate. Once the weeds reach the seeding stage in this prolific climate, it becomes almost an impossible task to keep them under. Thus it was that my first physical conflict with my fellow man came about. One morning, on walking round, I found seeding weeds in different parts, evidently of over a month's growth, and showing that the contract was not being correctly complied with. I accordingly proceeded to the "lines" and found a coolie lying in the sun fast asleep. On taking him by the shoulder to shake him into activity, he sprang up and struck me a shrewd blow in the face with a brawny fist. My dignity thus grossly outraged, I proceeded to

counter the attack with all the vigour I was capable of, and a battle royal ensued. Unfortunately, I was at that time anything but constitutioned for a game of the "noble art." Indeed, I had been growing so fast that my joints were loose and my muscles nowhere, and now found myself pitted against a man I was quite unfitted to cope with. Fighting wildly, I was being gradually driven down the bank towards the brook, when, my foot slipping on a stone, I collapsed in the water. What would have happened next it is hard to say, but for a fortunate intervention. At the door of one of the huts there suddenly appeared the astonished figure of my head "Kangani," who also no doubt had been enjoying a nap. Rapidly taking in the situation, he made a quick rush upon my assailant and knocked him over, to my great relief. Full of wrath, not unmingled with humiliation, I considered what should be the next step, and taking up a stick I proceeded to administer chastisement to the offender, who, finding himself now overmatched, turned and fled. I never saw him again.

Incidents of this kind are of comparatively rare occurrence, and it was evidently my juvenility of aspect, combined with my ignorance of the Tamil tongue, which had contributed to bring about the disagreeable *contretemps*.

The strain upon me at this time was, however, becoming too great, and but for the providential intervention of my ever-to-be-remembered friend, Lemarchand, my story might now well have come to an end. While I was spending each night on the

Patiagama Estate, during the construction of my own bungalow I had to walk three miles, chiefly up hill, every morning to my work and back in the evening, without rest, except when eating a picnic lunch under the shade of a rock, and I became really ill and worn out. My kind friend, who was manager of the Bank at Kandy, as well as proprietor of Patiagama, having come out for a week-end, and finding the condition I was in, carried me back to Kandy to his own house, and there put me to bed and sent for the doctor, giving me the necessary rest and treatment for a period of three weeks. After this most timely intervention, I recovered my health and strength once more, having incurred a debt of gratitude never to be forgotten.

I had always been up to this time rather a poor accountant, and it is not surprising that the complicated books of an estate, spending some £1,200 or £1,500 a year, presented a formidable problem. The well-known "rule of three" and the decimal system were an enigma, and yet for the distribution of the respective costs of weeding, road-making, pruning, etc., made up of so many days' labour at 8*d.*, 6*d.* and 4*d.*, these invaluable rules were essential. I accordingly arranged to get instruction from a neighbouring planter, good at accounts, in these subjects.

Nevertheless, at the end of the year my receipts and expenditure would not balance within a considerable sum. This discovery caused me much dismay. Of course, the trouble arose from my

having constantly omitted to enter payments made, on estate account, in my cash books, thus simply making them at my own cost. In this dilemma I naturally again fell back upon my friend Lemarchand, as a banker, an adept at book-keeping. He at once said, "Bring all your books into Kandy, and we will go through them together." In the result it was found that there was an amount of nearly £100 "unaccounted for." There was nothing for it but to accept the fact, and the following entry was solemnly made, in Lemarchand's writing, "Balance lost; sad experience!" Somehow or other, I don't now remember how exactly the deficiency was made good, but the experience was not lost upon me, as from that day I never had any further difficulty of the kind.

Having already mentioned the propensity of some of my planting friends for practical jokes, I recall an incident which might have ended seriously. Soon after I took charge of the Rangalla Estate, where the conditions were new and strange, and I was feeling far from being at home, I had retired for the night and was soundly sleeping, when suddenly what seemed an immense weight descended on my chest. Fully persuaded that I was in process of being murdered by some of the Cingalese from the adjacent villages, I found a man squatted on my chest, holding me down. The room was dark, though a lamp was alight in that adjoining. In a flash I had my assailant by the throat, and threw him with myself on to the floor and into the next room, and with ever-tightening grip pinned him

against the wall. Aided by the lamp-light I became fully awake, to discover that I was actually strangling a young neighbouring planter with whom I had recently become acquainted. On my releasing him, already half-paralysed, he raised his hands and exclaimed, "My God! I will never try that again!" As for myself, I felt completely upset, and for some time shook violently, and on returning to bed was careful to place an ebony ruler under my pillow!

CHAPTER VI.

Maousakellie and Dunira.

After a couple of years at Codegalla, I got a move on, being given charge of a small but fruitful estate named Maousakellie, about six miles away, in the same district. The proprietor, Mr. Brown, lived on an adjacent property within a mile or two, and was a most worthy man, unusually kind and sympathetic. Indeed, in the end he claimed to adopt a somewhat too paternal attitude.

The best results attended my efforts. Indeed, the productiveness of the estate was exceptional. All went well for the first year, but my salary being very small considering all the circumstances, I began to think it might well be improved. My employer, however, thought this quite unnecessary in view of the happiness of our relations, and finding my aspirations not likely to be satisfactorily responded to I began to feel unsettled, and in the end, largely under the influence of pique, I resigned my post, intending to look out for one more lucrative. This did not immediately prove a wise decision, and I was for some months without employment. In this position, and with very small resources to fall back upon, the immediate outlook was depressing. The only course was to take up my abode in a hotel in Kandy. Several kind friends and former neighbours cordially invited me to put up with them until something should turn up, but I was possessed of

an exaggerated and really perverse pride, which prevented my taking advantage of these offers of hospitality. It was not long before my funds came to an end, and I found myself literally without a shilling and unable even to buy a stamp for a letter home. It, therefore, became necessary to part with my horse, a grievous bereavement at such a time. The proceeds, however, kept me going, until a remittance arrived from my good brother in England, and shortly after I was offered the management of another estate, this time in the Cornegalle District. This District was well known to be one of the most malarious in the island, intermittent fever at certain seasons amounting almost to an epidemic.

Although I quite understood this to be the case, on the principle that "beggars cannot be choosers," I accepted the offered appointment, and at an increased salary. A consideration which somewhat influenced me was that this estate, Dunira, belonged to a friend, for whom I had a great regard, living in Colombo. The previous manager was a Eurasian, who had done little for the property, or for the health of the coolie inhabitants, and when I arrived to take charge, he philosophically informed me that I should find it impossible to remain, the mortality among the latter, from fever, in the previous year having been about 30 per cent. The estate was approached from the high road through a low lying jungle flat, while the main and more newly planted parts of the property were on adjacent hill-sides, rising to a considerable elevation. The

stores, as well as a small bungalow and all the coolie "lines," stood on the low ground, the exhalations from which were obviously the contributing cause of the sickness among the poor people. A good bridle path ascended to the upper part of the estate, which was at an elevation of some 1,500 feet, where there was a gap in the formation, through which the winds passed freely from either side, also a fine mountain stream, the whole conditions obviously pointing to a healthful site for occupation by the coolies. In partial recognition of this, a bungalow (of sorts) had already been put up on the hill-side, some few hundred feet above the gap, of mud and wattle, with thatched roof, the floor consisting of the original soil. This bungalow had not been occupied so far, and I observed with some misgiving that *fungi* were growing in the sheltered parts of the floor and under a bedstead which stood in one of the rooms. I sat down on the verandah, which commanded a wide prospect, to ponder over the situation. Beyond the gap below me I saw, on the other side, about a mile distant, another estate, with a comfortable looking manager's bungalow. On my own side, far below, I could see my own coolie "lines," with the usual smoke rising through the thatched roofs. I decided to send a note over to my unknown neighbour, asking him to come and see me. This he did an hour or two later. This gentleman turned out to be a Mr. Keiller, connected with the family of marmalade manufacturers of Dundee, and proved a most staunch and worthy friend from that time. He could, however,

give me but little cheer or encouragement, confirming all I had heard of the fever mortality, and, in fact, did not hesitate to say that he feared it would be impossible for me to live on Dunira, this having proved too much, even for my Eurasian predecessor; he therefore frankly suggested that it might be best for me to give up the attempt and return to Kandy, until some more suitable billet turned up. This suggestion, however, of course I felt to be out of the question, and decided without hesitation to hold on and make the best of it.

Further reflection appeared to indicate that here were all the elements for a successful struggle with adverse circumstances, and especially for an effort to effect a radical improvement in the conditions of the wretched coolies living on the fever-stricken low ground, while at an elevation of 1,500 feet higher up, with an ample supply of water, and a through passage for all the winds that blew, an obvious escape from their troubles was offering itself. It was not long before the scheme I had decided on was put in action. Cingalese contractors were set to work to build new "lines" in a suitable position near the gap, yet more or less sheltered, and the Kanganies were informed that when these were finished they should for the future be occupied as the estate "lines," instead of the old ones below. The Kanganies looked grave, shook their heads ominously, but, after the native manner, said little. It was only to be expected that the main objection would be the usual one, that the water was not good; no one has ever been able to fathom native

reasoning with regard to *water* hygiene. On this they base all health calculations. Now, here was a splendid, clear, running stream, fresh from the hills, and it might be supposed nothing could be more health-giving, and yet the Indian coolie would, in nine cases out of ten, no doubt condemn it, and prefer the semi-stagnant water of a tank, of brownish hue and probably strongly impregnated with organic life, as better suited to health. Every Anglo-Indian will recall cases of this curious prejudice.

In due course, the new "lines" were built, and everything was ready for the migration from the low ground. The Kanganies were notified to have all in readiness for the removal of the coolies with their goods and chattels, on a certain day. No sympathy or approval was shown, and I felt considerably discouraged, wondering how my plan was to turn out. At the appointed time, I went down, accompanied by the overseer, to the old "lines," hoping for some signs of preparation. Nothing of the kind was in evidence. I remonstrated with the people's leaders, suggesting a start in half an hour, but all to no purpose. Realising now that nothing but decisive action would meet the case, I announced in a loud voice that the lines were *about to be set on fire*, and that those who wished to save their property would need to be quick. This caused a certain stir, not unaccompanied with incredulity. A lighted faggot was then called for, and proceeding to the windward end of the huts, I firmly inserted it in the thatched roof. This settled the matter, the smoke rising from the burning straw

was quickly followed by flames, uproar followed on all sides, and in a very short time, with a general rush, pots and pans and movables of every kind were outside on the ground, the fire meanwhile rapidly spreading from hut to hut. In less than half an hour, the old "lines" were a thing of the past, and a motley procession was on the move wending its way up the hill, and by the evening the new "lines" were inhabited, needless to say, to my great relief, that the crisis was over.

Entirely new conditions of health among these people were thenceforward established, and during the year following of my remaining on the estate, although cases of fever occurred, and were really not infrequent in the early months, with judicious treatment and a sufficient use of quinine, *no further mortality from this cause* took place among the coolies, not fewer than from 200 to 300 in number. Their employer himself, however, was not immune, and during the early months of the year I was constantly prostrated by repeated attacks which, however, produced no serious after-effects. A year or two later, this estate again changed hands, my friend having sold it to a native, and the latter not aspiring to the dignity of a European manager, I was again on the look-out for a new appointment, and saw Dunira no more.

The incident I am now about to describe has always appeared to me insusceptible of any natural explanation, and to partake of a certain weirdness. It must be for the reader to form his or her own conclusions on the subject, allowing for the fact that no account

of what occurred many years ago can fully convey the vivid impressions of those who actually went through the experience.

My friend Keiller and I had arranged to take a day for snipe shooting in the "paddy" (rice) fields some 8 or 10 miles off, where this was reported to be particularly good, intending to return home before evening. All went well. In the afternoon we received a message from the nearest resident planter, asking us to dine with him before returning home, and as we had been without food since morning, with a tramp of several miles before us, the offer seemed too good to refuse. After dinner, we set out on our homeward journey, in bright moonlight. The path was but little frequented by man, as evidenced by numerous piles of wild elephant droppings, and lay through heavy forest. About half-way, we had to pass through the upper part of an old plantation, over a bare piece of land which appeared to be former native burial ground. Here, we were not loth to light our pipes and rest. Below, lay the estate, with a collection of "lines" occupied by coolies. On our right, a line of cliffs, below which ran the path we had to follow, rose abruptly from the forest. We were quietly enjoying ourselves, when without warning there suddenly rose, apparently from the rocky heights some 500 yards distant, a most astounding series of prolonged yells, too loud, we thought, to proceed from human throats, or even from any elephant or other known animal. Immediately following this manifestation, there was evident from the coolie lines below a

tumult of terror, and the occupants were seen rushing from their huts with loud cries. Now, I would ask the reader, what would be his natural impulse in such circumstances? All I can say is, that my companion and I sprang to our feet and *fled*, ran in fact as scared men can seldom have run before! Our flight was shortly brought to an abrupt termination, for, tripping within the first hundred yards or so over a root or other obstruction, I fell headlong and my companion with me. This enabled us to recover from an unreasoning panic, to consider the situation with such calmness as could be recovered. What could it all possibly mean? we asked each other. Never, from that day to this has any reasonable explanation been forthcoming.

Of course, to the natives in the coolie lines this would not be difficult to find, the never-failing solution in all such cases being the Devil, in whose personal existence and activity the most absolute and unshakable belief is maintained. The Evil One is, unhappily, at all times regarded by the natives as a more potent influence over the destinies of man than an over-ruling Providence.

Sometimes, a man has been brought to the bungalow, with the statement that during the darkness he was struck by a stone thrown by the Devil. Reasoning or argument is entirely useless in such cases, and the poor victim calmly resigns himself to inevitable dissolution, which generally follows.

During my amateur medical ministrations, it occurred to me on one occasion that what was here

wanted was some physical counter demonstration, and, with this purpose the administration of ipecacuanha in warm water would sometimes prove effective in convincing the poor patient that the demon in occupation had been forcibly expelled.

CHAPTER VII

Rangalla

I was now fortunate enough to be appointed to the management of an estate in the Rangalla District, and of the same name, a much more healthful and important charge than before. My predecessor in the management had been a failure, being incapable for weeks at a time from intemperance. The result was that the discipline and administration of the estate were completely disorganised, all authority over the labour staff having been usurped by the head Kangani, until he had, in fact, become something like a petty chief, with brothers and other coolies zealously supporting him. It was natural, and indeed certain, that, on my advent, no long time would pass before my authority would be disputed and my powers of control as manager put to the test.

A new bungalow was in course of being erected, and in the course of my morning visit a few days after taking charge, the head mason brought up a rather ill-favoured looking coolie, complaining that the man had refused to obey instructions, and was in fact thoroughly insubordinate. The coolie being the head Kangani's brother, I knew at once that the looked-for test was developing. Accordingly, I severely reprimanded the man and ordered him back to his work, at the same time slightly flicking him on the shoulder with the light cane I was

carrying. Upon this, he forthwith rushed off, loudly shouting that he had been "beaten" by the new Doray (master). Nothing further happened till the 5 o'clock muster on the parade ground. On arriving there, all at first seemed normal, until the names of all having been entered in the roll book, none of the men seemed inclined to disperse. I further observed that the head mason, who had complained to me earlier in the day, was standing close beside me with every indication of terror, his brown face having turned to an ashen grey. The head Kangani now advanced, producing a thick cudgel, and in a loud, threatening tone charged the mason with having been the cause, by a false charge, of his (the Kangani's) own brother being "beaten" by the Doray. He then seized the mason's turban, dashed it to the ground, and raised his cudgel with the intention of bringing it down on the unfortunate man's head. Shouts were raised and undoubtedly a serious previously prepared outbreak was imminent. In these circumstances, there was but one course. It was not so much a question of the mason's authority but *my* position as manager which was the real object of attack. I, therefore, aimed a blow at the head Kangani, knocking him down, and, with the mason behind me, took up a position with our backs to the store. The effect, however, was immediate, indeed quite magical. The struggle was over and won, and no further hostilities followed. The head Kangani recovered his feet, the shouts ceased, and, after a pause, in a loud voice I ordered the whole gang to disperse to the lines.

I then invited the leader to walk up with me to the bungalow, where I gave him a very serious talking to on the error of his ways. From that day forward my authority was not again called in question, while relations with the coolies became and continued quite normal and satisfactory.

I had, in the course of several years of estate management, one or two similar difficulties to encounter, all following much the same course and resulting in the same way. On one occasion, I was obliged to take a coolie, for attempting to assault me, to the nearest magistrate, when he was remanded and, after a fair trial, sent to prison for three months. This resort to the Majesty of the Law was in despite of the most earnest entreaties of the man's friends and the native "Kanganis," who implored me to chastise the man myself, *i.e.*, "take the law in my own hands," which I was determined not to do.

It must not be inferred, however, that estate management calls for any arbitrary or tyrannical exercise of force. On the contrary, the Tamil coolie, who with his family comes over from the Malabar coast year by year, after garnering his crop of rice at home, is on the whole a docile and willing worker, and has usually quite a good time in Ceylon on the coffee estates. He is comfortably housed, according to his manner of living, and supplied with food at a price which leaves an ample margin of rupees to take back to his village at the end of the year.

What is more, he is medically treated and cared for when sick. Every planter, as a rule, doctors the

sick from a supply of medicines kept on hand, and according to the rules of the medical handbook. That in use in my time was drawn up, for the use of planters, by Dr. Willisford, at one time Principal Civil Medical Officer of Ceylon. These rules and prescriptions were universally approved by the Faculty, and were most useful and beneficial. Every morning, after parade, a number of sick and ailing of both sexes would be squatting outside the Bungalow verandah, awaiting their turn for treatment and the appropriate dose! Indeed, so assiduous was I in this direction as to be spoken of as the "Doctor Doray" by the coolies. The principal ailments were intermittent fever, diarrhœa and dysentery, the latter often unfortunately resulting in dropsy, also wounds and sores the results of accidents, etc.

The relations between the coolies and the European manager will thus be seen to be usually of a friendly and sympathetic character, with the result that the former form an attachment towards their employer, and will not infrequently, on the latter leaving his estate for another, follow him in a body to the new locality.

It was about this time that a curious incident occurred which may prove of interest to dog-lovers, and who is not? It happened that the head Kangani at Rangalla had a big native dog, of the well-known formidable "Polygar" breed, which, with a couple of sons or brothers, had from the first conceived an evident dislike to me, probably owing to my advent as Manager being, under the circumstances

above narrated, highly inconvenient to their owner. These animals evinced their hostility so far as to adopt a practice of actually hunting me, by scent, in a pack of three, at various times, over the estate. On these occasions, my only resource, on hearing their approach, was to conceal myself behind the bushes, provided with a pile of good-sized stones with which to meet the attack. This I usually did with good effect, and always succeeded in driving them off. It was a rather exciting, though not altogether agreeable, experience thus to fill the *rôle* of the hunted. Complaints to the owner of the animals produced profuse apologies and regrets, but practically no other result. One day, being in the hotel at Kandy, I heard outside a canine howl of agony. Rushing out, I found a large old English foxhound, upon which the native cook had thrown a pot of boiling water. He explained, in reply to my objurgations, that this was a strange dog, apparently without an owner, which had been frequenting the place for several days, and could not be got rid of. I at once took the poor animal under my protection, and he accompanied me out to the estate next day. The sequel was not to be long postponed. Going down to the coolie parade on the following morning, accompanied by my new friend, the coolies and their Kanganies all drawn up, I observed that my enemy the "Polygar" was also present, and eyeing me in anything but a friendly manner. My foxhound, however, also had an eye upon him. In a moment, the two animals sprang at each other and were at grips. The contest was

of short duration but decisive, the Kangani's "Polygar" getting such a mauling as he was not likely to forget. After this, I was no longer molested by the native pack, but to my great sorrow my poor self-constituted protector was soon afterwards seized with an unaccountable illness, upon which all remedies were without effect, and, his eyes pathetically fixed upon me, and his tail gently flapping, he quietly expired. The conclusion could hardly be avoided, that my poor favourite had not died from *natural* causes.

Wild elephants do not usually frequent the more occupied coffee districts, but occasionally put in an unexpected appearance. An instance of this occurred while I was living at Rangalla. A neighbour, living some miles away, had promised to come over and spend Sunday with me. The morning passed, however, and he did not arrive. What had happened was this. He started in good time, before breakfast, and was gaily cantering along, when rounding a curve in the road, he found himself confronted by a small herd of wild elephants. The horse, filled with terror, stopped short, landing my friend on his head in the middle of the road, and then turned on his tracks and galloped away. The elephants, equally astonished by the *rencontre*, raised their trunks, and with shrill trumpetings dashed up the bank into the jungle. All but *one*. This latter, evidently the leader of the party, advanced cautiously towards my prostrate friend, who, temporarily unable to move, was submitted to a careful examination from the end of the trunk, until apparently satisfied that

no danger was to be apprehended from him, the elephant turned and, likewise raising his voice, dashed away after his associates! The fact is, that these and other wild denizens of the forest are not as a rule dangerous to man, being mainly concerned for their own safety, and will rarely initiate hostilities. The exception is the "rogue" elephant, who, being a *mauvais sujet*, with a bad temper, arising perhaps from disappointed love, is expelled as an outcast from the herd, to vent his spleen in making trouble generally. The "rogue" elephant is a real cause of danger. His presence in any particular district soon becomes known, when a reward for his destruction is issued by the authorities, and generally speedily claimed by the nearest sportsman accustomed to such enterprises.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Coffee Estate.

A short account of the growth and development of the coffee plantation may perhaps be of interest to some of my readers. One has to realise in the first place the time-immemorial forest, trees, trees, and trees, with undergrowth, in a complete state of nature, extending for miles, over hill and dale, ravines and rivulets, rocky streams fringed with ferns and moss growing in the dense shade. Very few birds seen or heard ; all is silent, mysterious.

Enter upon the scene, the young enterprising Englishman, ruthlessly bent on disturbing these peaceful natural conditions. To begin with, a small clearing is made in some selected situation on more or less level ground. Running water should be near ; also hopes of an eventual outlook and view beyond, if possible. Of course, there will be found occasional open glades, and if one of such is otherwise suitable it will be chosen preferably as the site for the ultimate bungalow and settlement—the Planter's Home. Upon this site, a shanty or hut of sorts is in the meantime run up upon a rough plan, posts closely planted together, the intervening spaces to be filled with well-kneaded clay or mud ; the roof will be of thatch. Doors and windows are not indulged in at this stage, simple openings being left, to close with slabs of brushwood, when required. The floor will consist of Mother Earth closely beaten down. Such is the initial primitive dwelling, sufficient for the planter's requirements in the meantime.

Preliminaries thus far advanced, the clearing of the forest begins in earnest. A body of Cingalese axemen are called in (in this forestry they are adepts) to clear away the undergrowth, commencing from the bottom of the hill. This having been cut down is left to wither. The axe next begins upon the larger trees, which are made to fall in the same downward direction, crash upon crash. If the ground favours the operation, ten or a dozen trees will sometimes be left half-severed, till the time comes when one or more come down on those below, so that the whole shall fall together. In this way the forest is cleared, over an area of often some fifty acres more or less, and left to dry. After a few weeks, this mass of what had been green and flourishing vegetation becomes withered and dry, and on a day appointed, in heat and sunshine, and with a suitable wind, fire is applied at several points simultaneously, and a tremendous conflagration ensues. A clearing fire is a sight worth seeing and somewhat exhilarating in its way ; dense columns of smoke precede the roaring flames, extend further and further over the hill-side, the whole being allowed to rage to the final end, when brought up by the green uncut undergrowth adjoining. Nothing now remains but the glowing larger trunks smouldering to extinction. Should there be a mixture of bamboo growth in the forest, the detonations are terrific, as every space in the joints explodes, and the effect is that of a battle of artillery, to be heard miles away. After a time, when the ground is cooled down, arrives the next stage. The hill-side is now carefully marked out over the piles of ash and

cinders, and over the recumbent logs, in parallel lines, with stakes or pegs at intervals accurately measured, giving a space of five or six feet between the lines as may be desired, and between the intervals at which each plant is to be put in later. The planter now knows exactly how many plants there will be to the acre. At six feet by six there are exactly 1,200 plants. Should the planting be closer, the number is increased proportionally. When the rainy weather begins in July, the plants, previously raised in the nurseries, are each put into the hole or pit prepared to receive it. These are usually about 18 inches wide and deep, though it is not easy to induce the coolie to attain this depth, in view of stones and roots to be got out with pick and crowbar, and he is expected to complete thirty holes in the day's work. All being ready, and the holes filled in, planting is begun—often in pouring rain. I have known the rain to come down for three weeks on end at this season without ceasing, and many a weary day I have spent, drenched to the skin, while superintending this operation, which, of course, is of really vital importance.

In about two years' time our plants will have grown to the required height, when they should be topped, at say three feet or so from the ground, and the estate has been established.

It now remains to keep the newly-formed plantation clean and free from weeds—no light task. These spring up with an almost incredible spontaneity in the warm, humid temperature, which it is the home gardener's ambition to maintain artificially in the

greenhouse. Each day sees a new seedling of the "white-weed" (resembling a degenerate "ageratum") springing up on all sides, which in a few weeks will be flowering and producing multitudes of seeds. Once the seeding process has been allowed, repression becomes more and more difficult. I remember counting 22 individual seedlings gaily flourishing in an area of one inch. The whole ground must be carefully gone over with a piece of hoop-iron once a month. Failing this, all hope of a "clean" estate may be given up.

Next, there are new roads to be made, at easy gradients across the hill-face, with drains on the upper side to arrest the wash of water when the rains come on. The nearer these parallel roads are to each other the better, otherwise the ground is quickly impoverished by the wash of surface vegetable soil down the steep slopes. This is, in fact, a great cause of estate deterioration.

Then there are buildings to be put up, "lines" for the coolies, stores for the future crops, cattle sheds, etc. Vacancies must also be made up where the early plants have died off. In fact, there is never a time when work fails.

In the second spring after planting, about February, fruit buds begin to appear in groups at each pair of leaves. These eventually open into sweet-scented white flowers, resembling the white jessamine, and there can be few more delightful experiences than when, the trees once in bearing, in March, the hills and dells, in regular lines, are clothed with masses of blossom, and the air charged with an almost overpowering scent, in the warm sunshine.

The blossoms gradually develop into berries, green at first, but enlarging into a deep red when ripe, and the effect is that of bunches of cherries. Each cherry contains within its pulp a pair of beans facing each other, and the next step is to separate these beans from the skins and pulp. To effect this, the berries are carried with a flow of water into the pulping machine, where they fall between a bar and a revolving barrel faced with copper grating, which while crushing the berry, allows the pulp to pass away at the back, and the beans in front. The latter are run into a cistern, where the glutinous pulp ferments, the beans within forty-eight hours being washed clean and white. After this, they are carried to the platform outside the store and spread out to dry in the sun. Three days of sunshine, the beans being heaped up every night, produces the condition suitable for despatch in sacks to the coast, where the finishing processes required for shipment to the home markets is completed.

The planter's life, it will thus be seen, is one of constant occupation and interest.

The foregoing sketch relates to conditions during my own experience in Ceylon many years ago. Since then, these have undergone a great transformation. It must have been in the early "eighties" that the terrible visitation known as the "leaf disease" (*Hemileia Vastatrix*) occurred, which devastated and destroyed the estates throughout the island. A fungus appeared on the back of the leaves, turning them brown, till all dropped off, leaving the trees bare and *without lungs*. Estate

proprietors and banks alike were ruined. The estates were abandoned and grew up into jungle.

A few years later, the idea arose that *tea* growing should be tried on the desolated land, and the experiment in the end proved entirely successful. The old abandoned estates, bought up for trifling sums, became by degrees flourishing *tea gardens*. The possibility of this extraordinary development has been explained on physiological grounds. The root formation of the coffee plant consists of a taproot, which delves down to give support, but does not nourish, while the necessary sustenance is provided by the feeders, which extend laterally to a depth of no more than six or nine inches. The surface soil, being thus continuously drawn upon, becomes in course of time deprived of the chemical constituents necessary for the plant. The tea plant, on the other hand, is understood to be supported by long deeply-delving fibres which draw on a much greater area of soil, which cannot be thus readily exhausted.

The foregoing forest sketch recalls a prospecting expedition, made in company with two or three other planters, away at the back of the Rangalla District in Ceylon. A large extent of unexplored forest lay in front of us. There were no roads but the ancient footpath leading to—none of us knew where! It was an interesting tramp, intended to occupy some days, with the hope that night accommodation might be found among the peaceful Cingalese villagers in the rice-growing valleys through which we knew we should pass from time to time. Food supplies we took with us on coolies,

who also carried rice for themselves. All went well until the third morning, when it was discovered that our more perishable food had, owing to the high temperature, become more or less decomposed, and finding the supplies obtainable from the villagers somewhat scanty and unreliable, it was decided to make tracks in a homeward direction. Some of us, the writer included, thus had the opportunity of discovering that to subsist on a diet of Crosse and Blackwell's pickles with dry bread, for a day or more, is far from hygienic.

For one reason or another this enterprising expedition led to no practical results, the Government price of £1 per acre for land without roads, and of doubtful climatic conditions, not appearing to hold out sufficient inducement to the would-be pioneer cultivator.

CHAPTER IX.

Snakes and Reptiles.

Without claiming any great knowledge of Natural History, I ought not to omit some short reference to the extraordinarily prolific animal life met with from time to time in the coffee districts of Ceylon and Southern India.

There are no snakes in Ireland: thanks to St. Patrick, so it is said. Unfortunately, St. Patrick was not able to extend the very material blessing further afield or as far as Ceylon, where snakes of various kinds are very abundant. It would not be safe to calculate on not meeting with one or more in the course of a ramble in the woods or jungle. They are not *all* venomous, however. There is the "Rat Snake," for instance, which often attains rather alarming proportions, say seven or eight feet in length, but whose bite, if it ever does bite, is harmless. He is almost always in evidence above the white-washed canvas ceiling of the bungalow, pursuing his favourite prey, his course being clearly visible, as well as audible, to those in the room below. On one occasion, such an occupant of the upper regions came down through a weak part of the ceiling cloth, and fell with a big thud upon me when in bed. No harm was done, however, except a slight feeling of resentful agitation on my part, while the invader quickly glided away. There are also harmless whip snakes and grass snakes, of bright green

and pale yellow underneath. I kept, on one occasion, a pair of these in a hutch filled with hay, but they are not very amusing pets. The snakes, however, with which it is safest not to play tricks are the Cobra (di Capello) and the Tic Polonga. Whence the Latin adjunctive, it is difficult to say; probably from the Portuguese who used to occupy the Island in former days. The most venomous snakes can generally be distinguished from the harmless by the shape of the head. That of the former is triangular, and of the latter narrow and oval in form. The bite of the cobra is very dangerous, and its spot should, if possible, be promptly excised or cauterised, the injured limb, usually the leg, being firmly bound by a ligature above the bite. This treatment is not always easy or possible. The late Dr. Willisford, in his handbook of medical instructions for the use of planters, recommended the insertion of a common pin through the part, tightly pinched up, the latter drawn up and sliced off with a sharp instrument. On one occasion, I operated on the leg of a coolie in this manner, but the result, although life was saved and the virus eliminated, was unsatisfactory, a large suppurating sore being created, for want of antiseptic appliances. A wound no larger than a sixpenny piece at once expands to the size of half-a-crown or more. The snake is not aggressively pugnacious, and will always escape if possible, but, if cornered, a cobra will put up a fight. Once, on coming suddenly through an opening, I encountered a large cobra in front of me, when it leapt up as high as my waist. Fortunately I was

able to despatch it, by means of a strong riding cane I was carrying. On the other hand, the White Man is always against the snake, and attacks him on every occasion. The ordinary snake is easily despatched with a stout stick, a blow from which will fracture the spinal column, rendering the reptile powerless. On one occasion I captured a highly venomous snake by dropping a noose over the head, getting an assistant to draw one end of the cord while I pulled the other. Having the idea of preserving the creature in a bottle with spirit, as is often done, I left the two ends of the cord attached to flower vases, standing on each side of the entrance to the verandah, the snake being suspended about a foot from the ground. I then went off and proceeded to my work, and forgot all about the matter. Some time later I had occasion to return to the house for something that had been forgotten, and was hurrying into the verandah, when I came all at once upon my captive. This had sufficient freedom to spring up towards me. Fortunately, I was able to spring also!

On one occasion only did I come across the large and powerful Python, from which it may be inferred that they are not very numerous. It was in the Wynaad, when walking about the estate I came upon a family of these reptiles basking in the sunshine near a crevice in a plane of flat rock. The largest appeared to be about five inches in diameter in the thick part of the body, with a length of five or six feet. All idea of attacking such an opponent with my cane was out of the question, and I was

quite satisfied to draw quietly off, leaving the happy family unmolested.

One morning, breakfasting with an old friend and neighbour, Colonel Wolseley, formerly of the Foreign Legion in the Crimean War, and then cultivating a coffee plantation of his own in the Wynaad, I suddenly saw a large cobra sitting up on the window ledge, opening out on the verandah, with hood fully spread, and observing our proceedings with much interest. My host's son quietly slipped out of the room, on the opposite side, and coming round the bungalow with a stout cane, promptly administered the *coup de grâce* from behind, thus ending the incident.

Although a large number of deaths from snake bite occur yearly, it is sometimes impossible to induce the natives, especially those who are Buddhists by religion, to destroy them, it being contrary to their cult to take life in any shape. Perhaps if these people had a better acquaintance with the story of the Fall, and the Garden of Eden, they might adopt a somewhat less tolerant mental attitude on the subject!

There is another denizen of the Ceylon forests that must be referred to, viz., the Jungle Leech. Small as it is, not much over an inch in length, this is made up for by unlimited numbers. In every damp or shady spot, the Jungle Leech swarms, and never fails to make an immediate attack upon the intruder. As a protection against these attacks, it is necessary to wear linen stockings inside the boot, tightly tied at the knee, otherwise these pests will at

once fasten on the ankle and leg, in bunches. Apart from the loss of blood involved, leech bite causes an intense after-irritation, and eventually results in ulcerations most difficult to heal. Most planters, owing to neglect at one time or other, of the above necessary precaution, will probably bear on the legs indelible marks for the remainder of their lives. Cases have even been known of death caused by a multitudinous assault by these enemies upon the unwary traveller, if caught unexpectedly for a night in the jungle.

And the Ants! There are the Black, the Red, the White and the Brown. How it would surprise some of my readers, to wake up to find feet and legs tingling with innumerable stings of the small black ants, swarming over the foot of the bed, all because it had been forgotten to stand the feet of the latter in bowls of water! On one occasion, sitting in my bungalow on the Dunira estate, during a torrential rain (I have known over three inches fall in a single hour), a cloud of white ants invaded the room from the verandah, covering table and floor. Having arrived, they immediately abandon their wings, being thus reduced to crawling. Upon them, enter tribes of black ants to devour their helpless white brothers. The former quickly range over the floor and walls. Next appear numbers of small black flat lizards, which start vigorously dragging off and devouring the ants. The only course is flight, for the time being.

Lizards are very numerous in Ceylon, and of various kinds. The large green lizards are amusing

to watch, especially when engaged in combat. Suddenly the tail of one comes off, wriggling and jumping on the ground; the other lizard being thus obviously the victor, both then run off. No one interferes with these creatures, which are in reality our best friends, rendering good service in devouring the ants, mosquitoes and other insects, of which there are, as will be universally agreed, far greater numbers than, with our limited vision, can be considered at all desirable.

Scorpions are another form of annoyance. The bathroom usually contains a number of "chatties" filled with water for douching purposes. Raising one of these, it is not uncommon to find a large dark green scorpion underneath. The sting of the scorpion is intensely painful and often ends fatally, and the creature consequently is promptly despatched when possible.

There is also the Tarantula spider. This is a great hairy creature with a spread of from six to eight inches, always an unwelcome visitor.

The above are some of the more prominent examples of the teeming animal life of the tropics, with which it has been my experience to become acquainted with at one time or another.

CHAPTER X.

The Wynaad.

In course of time, it now began to dawn on me that to go on managing the property of other people for a remuneration only sufficient for bare subsistence, was becoming a little flat, and having had so long an experience of coffee culture, it might be well to try and raise capital, buy land and open an estate on my own account, and thus be able to look forward to some substantial advantage in the future. This plan, however, was not found practicable. It was therefore with some satisfaction that I received a proposal to migrate to the Wynaad, on the west side of Southern India, and take charge of the estate of the Brahmagiri Coffee Company, of London, at a salary considerably above what I had previously enjoyed in Ceylon. The offer was accepted with alacrity. Not only was the salary better, but the prospect of new scenes and experiences was also attractive.

The Wynaad is a tract of country of about 30 miles from north to south, lying south-west of Mysore, and west of the Neilgherries, above the Western Ghauts, the latter being a range of mountains running north and south about 20 miles from the coast of Southern India. The sea-ports communicating with this region are Calicut, Tellicherry and Cannanore. The elevation of the Wynaad is about 2,000 to 3,500 feet above sea level,

the country generally being of an undulating character, and clothed for the most part with bamboo jungle. It is recognised that the bamboo growth indicates "fever range," and, therefore, the Wynaad is subject more or less to malaria. Once, however, above 3,000 feet elevation, the bamboo and malaria alike begin to disappear. The jungle is frequented by abundance of game such as pea-fowl and jungle-fowl, a species of wild bantam poultry. It is a beautiful sight, when riding along the jungle paths, to come upon a company of pea-fowl, eight to a dozen in number, enjoying the sunshine. They are easily approached on horseback, as they do not fear the animal, and fail often to notice the more dangerous rider. These noble birds are superior to the turkey for the table, and I remember on one occasion, when on a riding expedition with a companion in Mysore, living mainly on cold peacock for something like a week.

It was on this occasion that my companion and I had an opportunity of paying our respects to the Maharajah of Mysore in his capital. On arriving in this ancient Indian city, we at once, as in duty bound, called on the British Resident and left cards, with the result that soon after returning to the "travellers' bungalow," a carriage and pair of horses, with smartly-dressed servants, appeared with the announcement that the equipage was at our disposal during our stay. The hope was conveyed also that we should visit the Palace. This we very soon afterwards did, being received with the greatest courtesy. After seeing the principal apartments, we

found ourselves in a spacious billiard room and decided upon a game. While thus engaged, the Maharajah's approach was announced. His Highness appeared shortly afterwards, returning from the bath in *déshabille*, accompanied by various attendants. We advanced and made our salaams. His Highness returned our salutations quite cordially and expressed in English the hope that we found ourselves in good health. On returning to our hotel, we found invitations to attend a Nautch, or native dancing entertainment, at the Palace the same evening, which was accepted, our only difficulty being the deficiency of evening dress, which had to be made up for in the best way we could.

It must be admitted that the hospitality thus offered by the Ruler of the Province to two unknown English travellers spoke well for the relations between His Highness and the Government of India as represented by the British Resident, and a goodwill towards the English in general, which it was agreeable to find. I may add, that the present Maharajah was educated by an English tutor, and is no doubt as loyal to the Imperial Crown to-day, as was his predecessor.

The central residential station of the Wynaad is the small town of Manantoddy. Here is a "Cutcherry," or Court House, at which criminal cases are tried by a native magistrate, also a European doctor and a few European residents, and what interested us most of all, a Club House, used by the planters within a radius of many miles. There is also the usual native Bazaar, with shops at which all necessary supplies are to be found.

The Manantoddy Club was a pleasant resort, the planter from the solitude of his estate being always able to depend on meeting with friends and neighbours, and many jovial evenings were spent there in my time. In addition to the usual reception rooms, there were some eight or ten beds in the sleeping apartments, and a wide verandah with long armchairs.

To reach the Wynaad from Calicut, a start is made about bedtime in an ordinary bullock cart, with some inches deep of straw underlying a mattress. A dreary ten hours' jolting over the rough road ensues, enlivened only by the tail-twisting and objurgations of the driver endured by his long-suffering but slow-moving team.

Soon after dawn, we arrive at the foot of the Ghauts, looming ominously ahead. Here, some 28 miles from the coast, is a "Rest House," or, as it is generally called in India, the "Dak" bungalow, and grateful coffee and biscuits await us before negotiating the arduous climb of the Tambracherri Ghaut. This is a pass, ascending some 2,500 feet through the forest, and although accompanied by one's horse, it does not always follow that this can be ridden, the track being a sheer rugged watercourse, and to jump from boulder to boulder, leading and assisting one's horse, is an extremely exhausting business. It was by this seemingly impossible route that Tippoo Sahib is said to have brought his forces, guns included, into the Wynaad. Some years ago, the Government engineered a cart-road of easy gradient, in long zig-zags across the mountain face. Following this new road on my

first ascent, after having ridden about half the distance, I came upon a big landslide, which had carried away the road for some hundreds of yards. There was nothing for it but to go back and ascend the old Ghaut, this time on foot. Eventually, I succeeded in reaching the country above, in the late afternoon, thoroughly exhausted. Happily, the kindly planter to whose bungalow I dragged myself, hospitably took me in and was actually able to produce a pint of champagne, which was, needless to say, highly appreciated and seemed exactly the right refreshment for the occasion.

"The fly in the ointment" in connection with my new appointment on Brahmagiri, I soon discovered, was a gentleman who had been appointed from London, also under the title of Manager, who was, it appeared, to reside in Manantoddy, while I found myself unexpectedly relegated to a subordinate position as "sub-manager." At first, this gentleman was friendly and agreeable enough, but while he had no practical knowledge of coffee culture, he constantly showed a disposition to over-ride my experience. Further, he alone being in direct correspondence with the London Board, his reports, as I learned afterwards, were very often much to my disadvantage.

It was not long, however, before the climate of this part of the Wynaad, besides being malarious, proved to be really far from suitable for coffee growing, owing to prolonged droughts which lasted usually three or four months of the year, a humid climate, with some rain more or less in every month of the year, being required.

Matters were in this position when one day I heard from home that one of my sisters had arranged to come out and keep house for me, and was sailing from London, if she had not already actually done so, on board the "Green" clipper liner *Clarence*. There was no Manager's bungalow proper at Brahmagiri, and I was living in the usual thatched wattle and mud abode, with mud floors, and doors or windows of split bamboo, conditions quite unsuitable for the accommodation of a lady, and I felt very much perplexed as to how such quarters could be adapted for the expected arrival.

However, active measures were at once taken, and doors and windows, with glass panels, ordered from Calicut. These, in due course, arrived, but how they were to be put in was the next question, no carpenters being available. At my wits' end, I received one day a note from a neighbouring planter, living some miles distant, saying that he had been a carpenter himself when at home, and hearing I was expecting a sister to live with me, would be happy to come over and fix up my doors and windows. This offer, from one whom I knew very slightly, managing a large estate, was truly friendly, and was gladly accepted. My sister arrived in due course, and bravely faced the situation, but, notwithstanding all efforts, she soon began to suffer from constant attacks of intermittent fever.

This confirmed a feeling entertained for some time that it was hopeless pursuing a planter's life and that a new departure altogether should now be sought for.

From time to time, no doubt, success had been achieved from coffee planting, but this, it appeared plain, was not done as a salaried Manager, and a mercantile career would probably afford greater possibilities and must now be aimed at.

How was this radical change of conditions to be effected ? In any case action must be taken without loss of time. Having published a book entitled " A Guide for Coffee Planters " (Higginbotham, Madras), which met with a considerable circulation, I could hardly charge myself with having much to learn, and after ten years of effort all possibilities of further progress seemed to have been exhausted.

My first thought was of my old and tried friend, Lemarchand, who had been promoted to the Colombo Branch of his bank. I wrote to him, and in return received an introduction to his friend, a former manager of the Bank, now senior partner in a firm in Madras, to whom I at once applied for employment. The result was not very encouraging; this gentleman at first informing me that his firm only employed European assistants sent out by the head office in London. However, as in any case he could hardly be expected to take much interest in my application without seeing me personally, I sent in my resignation, and prepared for the immediate removal of my sister and myself to Madras.

CHAPTER XI.

The Eurasian Community.

The situation was now an anxious one. Supposing some time passed before a suitable opening was found, how were we to subsist in the meantime? A most timely and entirely unexpected solution presented itself. It appeared that the sisters of a Eurasian lady, wife of the doctor at Manantoddy, were living in comfortable circumstances in Madras, one of them being the wife of the Town Magistrate, Mr. R. P. Campbell. The doctor's wife brought us a truly kind invitation from Mrs. Campbell, to take up our abode with them until our plans had further developed. I can never be sufficiently grateful for this generous and hospitable offer in our time of difficulty. I do not remember for how long we took advantage of it, certainly for some weeks, during which we were made thoroughly welcome and comfortable, and enjoyed a very interesting time.

This leads me to say something of the Eurasian people of India. It is too common to hear them slightingly spoken of by Anglo-Indians, who indeed as a rule seem to regard them with a certain amount of contempt and dislike. I have heard it even said that the Eurasian combines, like the Mulatto of America, the least estimable qualities of the native and the European. This I feel justified in emphatically contradicting. Originating, perhaps

many generations back, in the first instance no doubt under tremendous disadvantages, it is remarkable how many thousands of Eurasian families should have ultimately attained eminent positions, not greatly differing (making allowance for the original native characteristics) from the middle class of our own country. Many have attained positions of dignity and importance, as in the case of my friend, Mr. Campbell, and indeed without the aid of the Eurasian in Mercantile, Government, and in professional callings, it is not easy to see how these activities could be effectively carried on. More than one-half of the clerks, assistants and overseers in Government Departments, Mercantile offices, or on tea and coffee plantations are Eurasians in responsible positions, while in the professions of law and medicine they are found discharging their functions, in every part of India, with credit and to the public advantage.

How, then, is it that this has come about? I venture to think it can only be explained by their having inherited the Christian faith, as well as the superior moral force of the white ancestor. At any rate, I cannot strongly enough claim that the depreciatory attitude, so generally adopted towards the Eurasian by the English in India, ought to be seriously modified, and that the Eurasian race must eventually, and indeed already does, constitute a valuable and important element in the population of the Empire.

CHAPTER XII.

Madras.

It was not long before, to my great satisfaction, I was admitted as an Assistant in a firm at Madras, thus at last fulfilling my ambition to effect an entrance into mercantile life. Without previous experience, set down among a number of trained London assistants and a crowd of Eurasian and native clerks, all at home in their duties, it was, it must be admitted, that experience was at first bewildering, the problem being where to make a beginning.

My employers, however, were considerate. I was to have a salary of Rs. 300 a month, then about £350 a year, while it was evident that for some time my services could be of no great value. Needless to say, I was fully determined that the latter condition should be of the briefest possible duration.

The best means by which, as it occurred to me, a general idea of the business upon which I had entered could be got was to make a careful study of the correspondence of the firm. No objection was raised, and free access to all the letter books was allowed, as well as to the letters received from those whom we were dealing with, and on what subjects, being thus learned.

A glimmering gradually began to dawn, and for some three months this process of education was allowed to go on. I became familiar with the

names and interests of correspondents at home and elsewhere, learned something of the produce we were supplying them with, as well as the Manchester and other manufactures we were receiving from them. I also made myself more or less familiar with the system of chartering ships, etc. The Indian produce first made acquaintance with were cotton, oil seeds, tanned skins, etc., bought from the native dealers, through our native brokers or "Dubashes," and prepared for shipment to England or the Continent.

In time, it became possible to discriminate in qualities and values, and carry out purchases. The firm possessed a cotton mill, about a mile from the office, which after a time was placed under my supervision, and visits of inspection were made daily. Here, cotton was received in loose bales, before being pressed, in a steam ramming well, much like a modern elevator, into a bale of 300 lbs. weight, as hard as timber, automatically bound round with steel bands, and then turned out in readiness for branding and shipment. Becoming proficient in selection, I succeeded in establishing a brand of cotton which became well known in the London and Liverpool markets.

The main features in the selection of cotton are length and silkiness of the staple, and freedom from seed. The best Madras qualities were derived from the districts of Bellary and Cuddapah, some hundreds of miles North-west, where the heat of the climate and the black soil result in immense quantities being grown. The vast extent of the Indian peninsula,

and the production of crops by an industrious population, at long distances from the seaports, point to the necessity of the constant *extension of railways*, especially feeders to the main lines. It is obviously futile for the people to grow more produce than is required for home consumption unless there are facilities for transporting their crops to the market by way of the shipping ports. Failing these, a heavy crop may only mean loss to the producer, owing to low prices caused by an excessive supply.

In buying tanned skins, etc., judgment is required. The skins, as they come in from the dealers, are spread one by one on a table in the "go-down" (or store), and classified according to substance and freedom from defects, to be baled in distinct classes for shipment.

Eventually I became manager of the Export Produce Department, being also entrusted with much of the outward foreign correspondence, and with all modesty, venture to think little, if any, disappointment resulted to my employers, and was indeed perhaps successful in rendering useful service.

It is hardly fitting to criticise my kind employers, but unfortunately being prone to promptness myself, it was sometimes trying to be thwarted by lack of decision on their part. Sometimes a promising transaction offered through our brokers would be blocked by hesitancy, until the opportunity had passed. I could only, with the self-confidence of youth, long for the time when I should be free to act on my own judgment.

At the same time, it may not be out of place here to suggest the wisdom of a large discretion being allowed to the proved subordinate. It is only thus that businesses can be largely and rapidly expanded. It is not possible for the principals to concentrate on all such details as the selection and buying of produce, and an employé who finds himself unnecessarily hampered by intervention from above, soon becomes discouraged and loses heart.

In the sixties, the telegraph had not attained universality. The European merchant did not have the advantage of daily quotations from the home markets, and had to be guided more by his own judgment and calculation in buying and selling and in computing existing stocks, and probable demands. He had consequently an advantage over the native dealer not now existing, when Reuter's daily market despatch is as much at the disposal of the producer as of the merchant.

I remained with the firm during the rest of my residence abroad, occupying a house in the Pantheon Road; kept a horse or two, riding out in the early mornings, while my sister would call for me at the office in the evening for our drive along the sea front to hear the band and meet our friends. It was difficult to make ends meet financially, my salary never having been increased. I was obliged, therefore, to keep always in view the possibility of supplementing my income. This I did by writing, at night, for the local *Madras Times* and the *Mail*. The editor of the latter, Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Lawson, Secretary of the Madras Chamber of

Commerce, became soon a very good friend. We frequently met long afterwards at home in England. I was also entrusted with occasional commissions to inspect, during the holiday season, and report upon coffee estates in the Wynaad, etc. On one occasion I was employed by a well-known London firm of lawyers with the winding-up of a Co-operative Supply Company, which had outstanding claims upon many Europeans throughout India, and found my work cut out for me in getting in the sums due. This involved a large correspondence, and also I fear much unpopularity among those whom I had to hunt up and dun for payment. However, I ultimately succeeded in collecting a considerable sum on which I received a commission, and was complimented by my temporary employers, who had practically given up hope of getting in the money.

My sister and I had many friends in Madras, among them the Hon. Thomas Clarke, Member of the Legislative Council, and Dr. R. S. Mair, an independent practising physician, whom I shall always regard as one of my most valued friends of former days. I sincerely mourned his death, which took place some few years ago, in London, where he had established a large practice.

The Governor of Madras at this time was Lord Napier and Ettrick, a strikingly dignified personage. One of his most intimate associates was Mr. Hunter Blair, Collector of Customs, a handsome man, always fashionably dressed and very popular in local society. He was, of course, related to our late

friend and connection of recent years, Lady Glasgow. The Governor gave the usual balls and other entertainments, to which we were invited, at Government House, a fine range of buildings in the park adjoining the Mount Road, the principal thoroughfare.

It was on this road I remember seeing two historical progresses, one being that of Lord Mayo, on his way to Calcutta to take up the Viceroyalty of India ; the other that of Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, returning to England after having vacated the same office. Lord Mayo, it will be remembered, was unhappily afterwards assassinated by a convict in the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, while visiting the penal settlement then existing.

Lord Lawrence's tenure of the office of Viceroy, during the period of the Mutiny, will always be remembered in history. He was, undoubtedly, the strong ruler needed in an unexampled period of peril, and is universally recognized as having filled the position with distinguished success. The following story was told at the time. General Anson being, then, Commander-in-Chief in India, found himself beleaguered in Delhi by the mutineer forces. The personal advice of Lawrence was much sought after on all sides at this time, General Anson, therefore, telegraphed for advice as to the tactics he should adopt. Anson, being a well-known whist player, Lawrence's answer came in the following characteristic terms : "Clubs are trumps, not spades," resulting in an immediate attack on the mutineers. No one acquainted with the Asiatic

mind will question the soundness of such advice under the circumstances. To have "dug in" and submitted to a siege would, undoubtedly, have greatly encouraged the rebels, and have led to a considerable prolongation of the Mutiny.

CHAPTER XIII.

Adieu to India—Caste.

Having spent four years in Madras, following upon eight in Ceylon and three in the Wynaad, without visiting Europe, it is not surprising that my health began to show signs of breaking down, and that the desirability of a return home was clearly indicated. Thus, after a short but severe illness, the change was ordered by my doctor. Sad were the leave-takings which abruptly became necessary. Among them were those of many native friends, between whom and myself a mutual attachment had grown up.

One of the latter deserves to be specially mentioned, Messrs. S.'s assistant Dubash, Bassooapillay Naidoo, with whom I had been on terms of friendship. He had an excellent knowledge of English, and used frequently to pay me early morning visits, when we would discuss a wide range of subjects. Though a Hindoo by religion, he was decidedly broad-minded, and, as far as could be judged, fairly liberal in his views in regard to caste.

With regard to the great caste question, much tact and judgment are required. It is not easy, if really possible, for a European brought up under the conditions of modern civilisation, to understand what is involved in such a question as the caste Hindoo embracing Christianity. Although he may no longer hold as very credible, or sacred, the doctrines and traditions of his ancient faith, or continue

to worship his family idols, or venerate the traditions of Siva and Vishnu, his convictions being affected more or less by contact with Europeans, perhaps insensibly he has even begun to realize the existence of the One all-pervading Deity whom "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," as Creator and Governor of the Universe; he may even be impressed by the beauty of the Christian theory; nevertheless, the proposal to disregard the ties and traditions of past generations; to submit to the ostracism, contempt and hostility of those nearest and dearest which must result from breaking his caste, the accustomed rule of life; here is a tremendous proposition, only to be considered under special influences. That power to do this is undoubtedly attained, itself a miracle, cannot be ignored, as witness the steady growth of Christianity in India. Brahmins have become Christians, even Christian Ministers, but it is with full recognition only of the foregoing considerations that the ordeal can be conscientiously proposed by the Christian Missionary to the caste native. The true Missionary does, indeed, need to be one of refined sensibility and sympathy. Of such there happily are and have been not a few great and notable examples.

A middle way was at one time sought among the Hindoos, with more or less success, in the Brahmo Somaj, a system of Theism embraced by some of the cultured and thoughtful among them. One does not, however, hear much of this movement at the present time.

It ought to be recognised, with deep thankfulness by Christian people, that the growth of Christianity among the population of India is on the increase, its followers now numbering not far from five millions. What is this, however, in a population of some 320 millions?

The propagation of Christianity in India is not by might or by power, or by conquest or appeals to passion as in the case of Moslemism, and can only be effected by a gradual spiritual process, acting through teaching and example. Zeal alone, untempered with the above considerations, can hardly result otherwise than in failure.

There is much absence of knowledge and appreciation, arising too much, it is to be feared, from indifference, among the public generally, of the really immense operations of British and other Missionary organisations in India, Africa and other countries. It is possible that were the statistics better known of the numbers of Missionaries, male and female, and other agents engaged in the work, and the vast sums expended in carrying it on, the feeling would be one of considerable surprise.

A story is told which bears upon this. At a social gathering some time ago, there was seated on one side of the table a retired Indian officer, understood to have killed many tigers in his day. On the other side, probably unknown to him, sat a Missionary. Says the former to his neighbour :—"There are no Missionaries in India—at any rate, I never came across any." This statement being overheard by the Missionary, the latter presently remarked to his neighbour

in an audible voice :—" There are no tigers in India —at least, I never met with one ! " The fact, of course, was the Colonel had never taken any interest in, or been in the way of paying any regard to, Mission work, while the Missionary had never been brought into contact with tiger shooting.

Having seen something in Ceylon and India of Mission work, I can speak in a different sense.

Long years ago, the Fenn family was revered and widely known in this connection in Ceylon, especially in Colombo. When I lived on the Dunira Estate, referred to elsewhere in these pages, there was a Missionary of the name living some miles away, in a thatched bungalow in the Jungle, working among the Cinghalese villagers. He made his presence known to the planters of the district, and invited any of them who would to ride over for a service on Sunday mornings. The invitation was readily responded to, and six or seven of us used to avail ourselves of it. After service, we found our Chaplain had provided luncheon for the " congregation." Knowing this must make an undue call upon Mr. Fenn's resources, we intimated our unanimous wish that the luncheon should be discontinued.

After some discussion, a compromise was effected, that only bananas and bread should be provided in future, as the least expensive sustenance thought of.

In Madras, Mr. Symonds of the S.P.G., an able preacher, had in about 1868 no fewer than seven young natives at one time in training for the Ministry; while on the occasion of a visit of a

member of the Royal Family to Tinnevelly about the same period, some 60,000 children from the Mission Schools were paraded to greet him. Needless to say, the progress of Mission work has not been stayed or relaxed since that time. Three of my sisters devoted many years to working in the Zenanas among the native women—one of the former for a period of over 30 years, in Benares, and afterwards in Cashmere, devoting her life to this important branch of Mission enterprise.

I have often heard it said, and accepted as an undoubted axiom, that the Indian native is incapable of *gratitude*, his affection being secured on a foundation of expected favours to come! I venture to dispute the theory. Numberless instances were afforded during the crucial period of the Indian Mutiny, when at the peril of their own lives they risked everything and made great sacrifices to save and render aid to their European employers and friends, when the fortunes and safety of the latter were at the lowest ebb. I have also myself experienced the tried friendship of natives on occasions when my own fortunes seemed low, and when there was no apparent prospect of any return being possible.

For several years after leaving Madras I received, from time to time, affectionate letters from my friend above referred to, Bassooapillay Naidoo, and when after the lapse of eight or nine years the announcement of my approaching marriage appeared in the newspapers, a letter of congratulation, accompanied by a valuable present of jewellery for my

future wife and myself. This spontaneous evidence of lasting friendship I have always greatly valued.

A few years ago I received a letter from Bassooa-pillay's son, now a barrister in Madras, his father having long since passed away, sending me his photograph, and saying how often he remembered me as one of his father's friends, when he himself was a little boy.

This is at least one incident which controverts the above theory and should assure the unprejudiced that friendship is not necessarily a virtue foreign to Indian character, or, for that matter to that of the Asiatic in general, any more than is it in the case of the average European.

CHAPTER XIV.

Homeward Bound.

Within three weeks from the verdict of the doctors, I said goodbye to India and the East, after an absence from home and country of fifteen years, never to return. Looking back now, I shall always retain memories of much happiness and enjoyment, while vaguely disregarding the trials and difficulties which were also certainly passed through. My sister and I accordingly soon found ourselves on board the good ship *Gosforth*, of London, some 1,200 tons register, commanded by Captain Wight, as passengers for London, *via* the Cape. There were several other passengers, including an invalided officer and his wife, a Baptist Minister, his wife, and a number of children, sometimes, the latter, poor little mortals, I am bound to confess, rather overpoweringly in evidence. A kind friend in Madras, taking pity on my somewhat dilapidated condition on leaving, had most kindly sent on board for my use quite a generous supply of champagne, and as the saloon party were all more or less invalids like myself, and in as much need of comfort and cheering up, with the almost certain prospect of sea-sickness during at least the early part of the voyage, this proved a most acceptable and useful gift. Each morning, from the time of sailing, I arranged that we should gather on the saloon deck after breakfast, when a glass of the cheery "phiz" would be administered all round. This proved really an effective

remedy against the dreaded *mal-de-mer*, or at least mitigated it.

It seemed to be considered quite an open question with many of my Madras friends whether I should ever reach England. I well remember one old native friend taking my hand and anxiously pressing in the roots of my finger nails, and thereafter shaking his head with melancholy despondency. The voyage afforded a fine example of the *rôle* filled at this time by the East India passenger sailing ship, valiantly but vainly demonstrating its capabilities, and some of its indisputable advantages, over those of the more mechanical and unromantic steam vessel, before which it was doomed so soon to give way. Captain Wight, a first-rate scientific seaman, knew to perfection how to handle his ship, adapting the sails to the ever-changing conditions of wind and sea, in full sympathy and understanding as with a living steed. Seldom did an hour pass without some change of canvas or slight variation of the course, taking in a reef here, or crowding on a sail there, as reduced pressure were needed or more speed could be coaxed out of the spreading wings, while we triumphantly glided over the billows ; but words are hardly needed to describe the delights of the " life on the ocean wave " or " the home on the rolling deep."

What more exhilarating experience can be imagined than to come on deck on a bright sunny morning, a fresh breeze with " white horses " as far as the eye can reach, accompanied by an escort of rejoicing seagulls, an occasional flying fish scudding

by, and perhaps a distant sail or two on the horizon! To me, such mornings were always a joyous experience, before going below to partake of a hearty breakfast.

The first land made was St. Helena, in the Western Atlantic. Here we were granted twelve hours to disembark and stretch our limbs on terra firma, by a walk up the road, to visit the last home and the grave of the great Napoleon at Longwood, some two miles from the town and harbour, where he ended his days. The bay of James Town is quite a small one, and as several vessels had come in since our arrival, including one of H.M. ships of war, it did not appear evident how our exit on leaving was to be effected. Captain Wight, however, proved fully equal to the problem, and in a masterly manner manœuvred a course for the open sea. So nearly, however, did our bowsprit come to the broad stern of the cruiser, that the blue-jackets lined the bulwarks with warning shouts. It is to be remembered that a sailing ship lacks the power of *backing*, so usefully possessed by a vessel with steam propulsion, and is therefore at a disadvantage in cases of this kind, where a tortuous course can only be followed with great caution and calculation.

After encountering a heavy gale off the Azores, with disastrous effects to our baggage, we sighted the Lizard on the eighty-seventh day out from Madras, and in due course once more entered the London Docks.

Needless to say, I did not return in the character of the proverbial "Nabob," but thankful to a kind

Providence for improved health, owing to the prolonged rest and invigorating sea air.

It was with a deep sense of gratitude that, after a night at the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross, we found ourselves, in the summer of 1870, lovingly welcomed in the family home, the Vicarage of Wickhambrook, in Suffolk, now seen by myself for the first time. Without any income in immediate prospect, the outlook when I began to consider ways and means, was not altogether cheerful, and I felt inclined to doubt the advantage gained by fifteen of the best years of my life spent in foreign parts. On reckoning up, I found that during the whole period my income had averaged little over £200 a year. It was therefore fairly evident that present impecuniosity could not reasonably be attributed to extravagance or improvidence. Thank God, I had at least one great asset, in being free from debt.

What I was, however, rather overlooking, was the *general experience* gained during an independent life of fifteen years under varied conditions. Nothing is more stimulating than the necessity of relying on one's own resources. I have often thought of Mr. Smiles' book "Self Help" in this connection; it seemed to me so valuable that at one time I gave away a good many copies to young men with their careers before them. To gain a knowledge of men, how to make friends and avoid giving grounds for "the cold shoulder," goes far. Besides, there had been a mass of varied knowledge gained which was almost certain to be useful sooner or later: geography (which a head master once told me it was not worth while to teach boys at school!), climates,

nature, etc.; then, the four years in the Madras office, buying and selling, judging produces, shipping matters, charters, bills of lading, exchanges, contracts—in all these subjects more or less valuable experience had been gained. Here, then, were grounds for encouragement and hope.

It was, however, clear as little time as possible must be lost in trying to find some means of earning an honest living. At the same time, my health was still far from strong, hygienics were at a low ebb, and a period of recuperation was obviously the *first* requirement. This my father's house most providentially afforded. I reflected also, that although my ten years of coffee planting might not prove of much practical value in the future, I was fairly qualified for pursuing the walk in life which had always been my ambition. In the meantime, with nothing better to do, I decided to write a book.

It had often struck me, when meeting young fellow-countrymen in India lately arrived, how entirely lacking they appeared to be in any idea of how to adapt themselves to their new surroundings, and especially as to their attitude towards the natives of the country. In some cases, this was lamentably ill judged, and could only lead to unnecessary trouble, owing to the natural resentment created. I remember once seeing a letter from an educated native, in a Madras newspaper, in which the writer asserted that the average young European seemed to regard the native as nothing better than "a nigger to be beaten with a stick." Now, the term "nigger" is never used in polite circles as referring to the native.

These reflections induced me to draw up a short Handbook for the guidance of the newly arrived Anglo-Indian, in early days entitled the "Griffin," explaining some recognised rules of courtesy, describing native manners and customs, and advocating a spirit of sympathy and courtesy generally as might be looked for from gentlemen.

The result was a small volume entitled "The European in India," the copyright of which was purchased by Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., of Cornhill, and which passed through two editions. I was pleased to find that the P. & O. Co. had placed a number of copies on board their steamers bound for India. The writing of this work afforded great interest and passed the time pleasantly, preventing ennui, and perhaps may have proved of some help to those for whom it was intended. Thus, what would otherwise have proved a weary time was not altogether thrown away.

It so happened that the following winter was one of the most severe experienced for many years—probably since 1855, when the frozen Thames and Docks were seen fifteen years before. The thermometer stood at nine degrees below zero at Wickhambrook on Christmas morning, the severe frost continuing for some time. This was, it will be remembered, in 1870, the winter of the Franco-German War, and while we all felt the cold intensely at home, one could not but think still more of the terrible sufferings from the same cause of the Armies engaged, as related by the War Correspondents present on the scene, whose vivid letters we were daily reading in the papers.

CHAPTER XV.

In Search of Employment.

Needless to say, efforts to find employment in London were unremitting. Repairing thither time after time my anxieties were earnestly pressed upon all whom I had the faintest excuse for approaching. My family, so far as could be traced, had never been engaged in commerce, and there were only two London firms to the members of which its name was known—McCalmont Bros., the London Correspondents of the Philadelphia & Reading R. Co., whose partners had known our family in the North of Ireland, and Lawrence, Sons & Co., stock-brokers, whose senior partner was related to us by marriage—both firms of considerable standing. Each received at least a monthly call, as well as on many others, so that I began to fear I must be found rather a nuisance. All in vain, however, for about a year. The newspaper advertisements were constantly studied, especially those in the *Times*, resulting in regular but always futile applications, in person and by letter, for the openings for which candidates were invited.

It so happened that my old friend, Dr. Mair, of Madras, was established in practice in Bayswater, and he and his kindly wife made me welcome during my visits to London. On one of these occasions, having spent the night at his house, he asked next morning whether I had studied the *Times* advertisements for the day. "No," I said, "it is quite

useless," for, indeed, I was now beginning, like the Disciples on the Sea of Galilee, to become somewhat despondent. "Oh," said my friend, "never say die," and together we cast our eyes down the column. There we read: "Wanted. A gentleman to manage a department, in a merchant's office in the City." Further, it went on: "Apply to ——— No. — King's Road, Brighton."

Now, it so happened that I had already arranged to proceed to Brighton that afternoon, to visit my Uncle, a rather singular coincidence. I immediately wired applying for the post, and saying that I would call at the address given the same evening. While at dinner at my Uncle's table, a note was put into my hands from the advertiser, asking me to call as proposed. On reaching the house, I was met by a gentleman, who it appeared was acting on behalf of his relatives, Messrs. B., of Leadenhall Street, London, an excellent firm. My story appeared to make a favourable impression, and I was put into communication with Mr. B., whom, needless to say, I visited in London as soon as an appointment could be made. He received me with much courtesy (which, I afterwards found, was one of his habitual characteristics), and plied me with a series of questions. Did I know anything about coal? "No!" Was I acquainted with French? "Only to a limited extent, and quite out of practice!" "However," I replied, "I can only say, give me opportunity and reasonable time, and I feel quite confident I shall be able to qualify in whatever subjects it may be necessary." Shortly afterwards I

received, to my great satisfaction, an intimation that my services would be accepted, provisionally. It was indeed an immense relief to me to have at last, after so many disappointments, found a prospect of getting into harness once more.

Mr. B.'s first enquiries, it afterwards transpired, had naturally been made to the London firm of my last employers in Madras, with whom it so happened that I was not a *persona grata*. They had all along resented my having been appointed by the Indian partners, and not by themselves and sent out from England, as had always been the practice. They also disapproved of what to them seemed the liberality with which the Madras partners had treated me on leaving (nothing more, however, than the usual three months' salary). Consequently, they now declined to give me a favourable recommendation, and my prospects might well have here met with shipwreck.

It was rather amusing to find quite lately, while rummaging among some old papers, letters (written before our leaving Madras) from the senior partner of the firm there, and also from the Bank for whom I had been supervising an estate in the Wynaad (which had come into their hands), both written in very cordial and appreciative terms of my services. The production of these at this time would have made any further enquiries regarding my antecedents entirely unnecessary. The letters had been entirely forgotten in the bustle and excitement of leaving India.

However, this hostile attitude was, I feel most providentially, disregarded. I may here mention

that, a year or two later, the firm whose head had acted so unkindly a part, and which while in their service I had always regarded with something akin to veneration, became, to the great surprise of many, insolvent. A few years later, when I was myself established in business, the senior partner, who had in the meantime resumed business as a ship broker, called upon me, and with some not unnatural diffidence, begged me to put some business in chartering in his way. This, unfortunately, it was not in my power to do at the time. It is hardly necessary to say, dear reader, that I have no idea of implying that the collapse of the old firm referred to, of course simply due to general causes, was in any way connected with their unfriendly action towards myself, at a time when a different attitude might have been helpful and advantageous!

CHAPTER XVI.

Lodgings in London.

Until my marriage in 1879, for about nine years I lived in various lodgings in London. The first camping place of the kind was in the unaristocratic district of Peckham and Loughborough Park, which was frequented largely by City clerks, of whose ranks I had myself become a member. This neighbourhood possessed the advantages of cheapness and accessibility to the City. From there I moved to Lewisham, where two abodes were sampled, both within a few minutes' walk of the station. One of these had the railway running at the end of the small strip of garden outside my window, but it never occurred to me to find this an objection. In fact, I became so much accustomed to the trains passing that I was hardly conscious of their doing so. Comfortable rooms were next found in the Lewisham Road, the sitting-room and bedroom being on either side of the first landing, while the former contained a valuable asset in the form of a large wall cupboard, most useful as pantry and store-room. Across the road were the works of a monumental sculptor and mason, so that I had always an extensive choice of gravestones in artistic designs to select from, during leisure moments. For this accommodation the rent was 15*s.* a week. My long-time friend Alec Leslie now threw in his lot with me, and we chummed together thereafter in rooms

at Blackheath for the next two or three years, our means and requirements being at that time very much on a par.

My final arrangements marked a distinct advance in dignity and comfort, and I settled down in one of a row of small old-fashioned houses in Blackheath Park—4, Upper Park Place, to be precise. A good old lady had been occupying the first, or drawing-room floor for some years, and was a well-known personality in the neighbourhood. Miss Stewart very soon took me under her special patronage, and we became great friends; I don't think she was ever able, owing to the infirmity of age, to visit my apartments, but I was expected to visit her from time to time, and we had interesting chats together; in fact, sooner or later, she became acquainted with all my friends, and I more or less with hers.

Our landlady, with whom I lived for about six years, Mrs. Francis, was a far from cheerful hostess—in fact, rather the reverse. The poor woman suffered from the effects of some kind of stroke, which had left her so shattered that she seldom came in to consult me on domestic matters, before I left for London, without a breakdown in tears. However, she was a poor widow, a worthy woman, and in reality much in need of sympathy and cheering up.

My marriage was, I fear, a sad blow to her, though I succeeded in inducing my old friend Nicholson to occupy the rooms in my place, an arrangement which did not last long. Unfortunately, also, my venerable fellow-lodger upstairs died soon

afterwards, and this was the finishing blow of the establishment. I was fortunate enough, eventually, to find a home for Mrs. Francis in a cottage at Wickhambrook, where she finally ended her days in peace.

Having mentioned Nicholson, I should add that he was one of the truest and most congenial friends I ever had. We first met while he was managing the old Chartered Mercantile Bank (no longer existing) in Point de Galle, Ceylon; afterwards, we came together again in Madras, where he acted in the same capacity. Always a rather advanced High Churchman, he ever attached himself to the choir, and played the organ of his church, until in the end he gave up a business life and was ordained to the Ministry, in the Scottish Episcopal Church, holding the cure of St. Salvador's, Dundee, until his death, some years later.

CHAPTER XVII.

Leadenhall Street.

The acceptance of my services in Leadenhall Street endued me with new life. The long-cherished ambition to place my foot on the first rung of the commercial ladder had been fulfilled, under favourable conditions, in the world's centre of commerce. For the first time, I should now find scope for energy, with a reasonable possibility of results. My appointment was provisional, the task sketched out being more or less experimental, and, as was impressed upon me, it depended on myself entirely whether or not it was to be a success.

The general idea was quite sound. Inasmuch as the world's ocean traffic would henceforward be carried on by steam power, and this could only be produced by the consumption of coal, it was obvious that a supply of coal must be ensured in every port frequented by steamers. When it is considered that these would be *frequenting every sea-port throughout the world*, this, on the face of it, seemed "a large order," and an objective which could only be attained by unlimited effort.

In order to make a beginning, it was decided to adopt a specific route which steamers might be expected to use more or less regularly. This in the first instance seemed to be eastward, by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

My employers were already steam coal exporters to foreign markets, and held through their representatives the Gibraltar and Malta agencies for the

P. and O. Company. They, therefore, had already a nucleus for such an extension as now contemplated.

Arrangements would next have to be made for Port Said, by establishing relations with a local firm already carrying on business at the port : next for Aden, Galle, Colombo and Singapore, when a chain of ports on the Eastern route would have been established.

Coal was a commodity of which I had in the meantime no practical knowledge, and the first requirement would be to remedy the deficiency. With this view, I started for South Wales with introductions to some of the leading colliery companies. I was passed on to the managers at the pits, and spent some interesting weeks inspecting the underground workings, clothed in suitable overalls, making acquaintance with the overseers and some of the miners themselves. All proved most friendly and communicative, as far as their knowledge of the English language by the latter permitted, for it must be remembered that the great majority of the South Wales miners speak only Welsh.

I learned that there were recognised seams of coal, of certain thicknesses, some of greater value and calorific character and freedom from impurities than others. It was also necessary to have gauged by chemical analysis the constituents indicating which were of value and which detrimental, so that the relative merits of different descriptions and seams could be determined.

After having gone through this technical course in South Wales, I next proceeded to the north-east

coast, at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Durham, making a similar round of some of the principal collieries in those districts.

Being thus equipped, and our correspondents at the supplying ports having been arranged for, it only now remained to take means for ensuring regular customers. With this view, armed with circulars, price lists and all particulars, I left London, on a canvassing tour through the home ports, wherever steamship owners were to be found. Competition for this class of business there was even in those days, but I was not long in securing a wide acquaintance with the ship-owners of this country, as well as afterwards with those of the Continent, to which I eventually extended my visitations.

Some of my experiences were pleasant enough, all interesting, and it was seldom that anything but a friendly reception was met with. On one occasion I had an unkindly rebuff! This was in the port of Hull. The head of the firm, standing not far off, turned upon me in a very disagreeable manner. Something had evidently occurred to upset him, and he expressed the worst possible opinion of every one who dealt in coal. I answered that, as he seemed unable to recognise what was due to those I was representing, his attitude could only be duly reported to my employers. Steamship owners were not long in recognising that they were themselves dependent on the coal exporters for outward freights for their steamers, and it would be obviously bad policy to estrange one of the principal firms from

whom such support was to be looked for. It was not long, therefore, after my return to London before an ample apology was received from Yorkshire. On the other hand, I made many good friends, and was often the recipient of much kindly hospitality in the course of my travels.

Our business steadily grew in extent, much beyond anything my employers had looked for, almost doubling year by year, so that by the end of the fourth year I was beginning to feel thoroughly pleased with the world, and to look forward to a long and contented future, with employers for whom I felt a real regard. This was not to be. Towards the end of the fourth year I began to feel greatly puzzled to experience an apparent coldness and restraint in their manner, quite unaccountable. Some of our clients, when visiting London, would call in from time to time for a business chat, usually asking to be shown into my room, and this I found was not altogether to the liking of the principals. On one or two occasions my intending visitor was obviously intercepted. It then dawned on me that my employers were unwilling that my personality should become too much in evidence with our *clientèle*, and this set me thinking Here a curious problem presents itself ! How to build up a *clientèle* for your employers, and yet refrain from ingratiating yourself with those whose support you are trying to enlist ?

It is true enough that employés, generally foreigners, have been found to have had the personal object at the back of their minds, with a view to

founding connections for themselves, to the subsequent prejudice of those they are serving. Certainly, however, no such idea had ever entered my mind, and I felt that the position must be cleared up.

I therefore sought an interview with the senior partner, in the course of which I pointed out that I had devoted myself to the interests of the firm, with the result that, by their own admission, our success was even greater than had been looked for, and yet I found myself apparently losing their confidence. I must now in consequence review the whole situation. The only response I received was that the firm did not feel that they could offer any assurances as to my future, and that in fact *I must leave myself in their hands!* To this I demurred, as not within reason, and there the matter rested for the time being. Being taken up some time afterwards, I suggested that perhaps some arrangement might be arrived at for remuneration on a basis of results, which only resulted in the same reply as before. I therefore stated that my only course was resignation, frankly adding that this could hardly fail to mean my starting a business of similar character on my own account. The suggestion was poohpoohed, and a severance of my connection with the firm followed.

I gave up my post within a fortnight, and was thus once more entirely adrift, and my assistant, who had received his whole training from me, was appointed to the position.

I have always felt since that these unlooked-for developments, though distressing at the time, were

in reality those best for my own eventual interests. The firm were very conservative in character, and it is improbable that in remaining with them, as a junior partner, I should have been allowed any real scope for initiative, or freedom to suggest new developments. Strange to say, though brought about by themselves entirely, they took my resignation rather badly, and for a long time adopted an attitude of resentment for which there was really no justification.

All this, however, is now past history, and I can record with satisfaction that the old feelings have long since died out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The New Business.

July 1st, 1875, was the date of my circular announcing that I had established myself as a Coal Exporter and Foreign Coaling Contractor. An old friend gave me temporary accommodation in his office in St. Mary Axe, City. A more depressing and anxious day than that 1st of July could not well be imagined. The rain fell in torrents, and the sky was heavily overcast from morn till evening. Like Job, I was not lacking in pessimistic counsellors, who did not fail to doubt the wisdom of the course which really had been forced upon me. Here was I, they said, with quite a comfortable salary (at this time £600 a year) with really good people. No doubt all would sooner or later "have come right," and to cut myself adrift, to experiment with a new business, singlehanded, while powerful firms were already occupying the field and would all do their best to oppose my success, was surely a rash and foolish proceeding, etc., etc. And, indeed, there seemed some grounds for these forebodings. Still, the die was cast, and I determined to throw my whole energies into the new struggle, and leave the result to Providence, which, I always firmly believed, had hitherto led and guided me.

I took a small office on the third floor in Fenchurch Street, at the corner of Lime Street. This building has long since disappeared, having been replaced by

a much more pretentious structure. Looking back, I recall a visit paid me by my father while temporarily in London. On leaving and observing the name printed on the glass door panel, he turned and gave me his blessing, saying he was "proud" that his name should be there!

My stay in this office, assisted by two young clerks, lasted two years, when it became evident that a one-man business of any large extent would be quite hopeless, and I began to look about for a partner. This I was fortunate in meeting in the person of W. M. Blyth, hailing originally from Glasgow, a clerk in a well-known East India firm in Leadenhall Street. Blyth possessed a small capital, which was an absolute necessity at this time to meet working expenses. Thus came into existence the firm of Hull, Blyth & Co., which I was destined to carry on and direct personally for a period of forty-four years.

My feelings at this time in having at length attained a position for carrying on, according to my own ideas and initiative, were less those of satisfaction than anxiety, amounting at first to despondency and depression. I struggled to maintain a spirit of resolve that the new venture must and should be a success. There was no limit to the world-wide demand for steam coal; the only question was to what extent this demand could be brought within my own reach. My old friend and constant companion, Leslie, at this time, with never-failing sympathy, was my greatest stand-by and support. This was one of the occasions in which the encourage-

ment of an understanding friend was indeed invaluable. One day he asked me what I thought might reasonably be expected ultimately as the practical outcome of the business. After consideration, I replied, to his astonishment, "Anything up to £10,000 a year." At the same time, the difficulties to be surmounted were fairly obvious. Here was I, as pointed out by my anxious friends, setting out to carry on business already in the hands of well-organised firms with large capital and recognised repute. So far as *clientèle* was concerned mine must necessarily be drawn largely from friends who, though personally sympathetic, were well enough satisfied with their existing arrangements.

Then my great weakness was want of capital. At first I had *none!* An old friend offered to advance me a substantial sum, but this I did not feel justified in taking advantage of, feeling that whatever the confidence I might have in ultimate success myself, there was undoubtedly a risk attaching to such an investment, to which I had no right to expose a friend. Still, something was necessary at my credit in the Bank. The difficulty was finally solved by the proposal of a relative to entrust me with a security against which the Bank would undertake to allow me to draw, while he continued to receive the dividends. This arrangement worked out satisfactorily, and eventually I was able to pay off the Bank advance, the security being duly re-transferred to its original owner.

Seeing that out of any profits my office expenses, besides my own maintenance, had to be provided, it

will be evident that even from the first the business cannot have been wholly unproductive. It will, however, be realised how great was the relief when my new partner was able to bring in a fairly substantial capital contribution.

Still it was a hard struggle. In the early years the morning mail often yielded little or no response to the innumerable appeals which daily issued from our eerie in Fenchurch Street. It seemed almost to resemble the task of Sisyphus. At this time, I belonged to the old National Club in Whitehall Gardens, largely patronized by the Episcopal Bench on the Protestant side, and other elderly gentlemen, who must often have wondered how a sad-looking young man came to make these solitary visits. In the late afternoons, with nothing more to do in the City, I would go up to the long tapestried drawing-room, and spend many a dreary hour.

There was nothing for it but to "peg away," with for a long time but little encouragement. A friend on the Baltic Exchange cheerfully said to me one day, "You will be all right when you have made your first £5,000." Unfortunately, I was then far from having attained this happy stage, though the position was improving gradually, and there was no thought of discouragement, while the foundations were being "well and truly laid." Relations had now been established on agency terms with a large number of coaling stations, while new openings in any part of the world were always being hunted up.

What undoubtedly must have strengthened my

position was the permission accorded me by the Bank of England and Messrs. McCalmont Bros. & Co. to use their names as references at the foot of my letters. How this valuable privilege came to be first accorded I am unable at this time to remember. The brothers McCalmont were, of course, old friends of my family and acquainted with my circumstances, while their name was a powerful one. Whether they or the Bank received any enquiries I never heard, but the fact that such references were behind me certainly seemed to imply that my business was one of some stability, with which transactions would be at any rate *bonâ fide*.

At this time, the only partners were Blyth and myself. The former continued with me for over twenty years, when, being no longer physically capable of bearing the strain and anxiety of business, he elected to retire. He was a strictly upright man and fully maintained the reputation of the firm at all times. He was, indeed, rather austere in character, tending towards Calvinism, a Congregational Nonconformist, and theoretically a Radical in politics, when he first joined me.

Naturally, therefore, there were many points of difference between us. I had always been a confirmed Conservative, though not, I hope, of the old, narrow type, while Blyth, it will be inferred, was an intense admirer of Mr. Gladstone, of whom, as a politician, I was by no means a disciple. Although politics were referred to as rarely as possible, the name of Gladstone in those days

would inevitably crop up from time to time, and some natural fireworks ensue! As time went on, the political world was electrified by Mr. Gladstone's *volte face* in adopting Home Rule for Ireland. My partner's political views from that time underwent a change, and he came to be more and more of my way of thinking. He afterwards married a lady of strong church views and decided character, and eventually became quite a good churchman himself, eschewing politics altogether, and on leaving the firm, devoted himself entirely to philanthropic work among the poor of London, work which he carried on with great devotion up to the end of his life.

CHAPTER XIX.

Foreign Coaling Business.

As time went on the business had gradually increased in importance. A general idea of its growth may be gathered from our various office removals. From 159, Fenchurch Street, rented at £150 per annum, we went in 1877 to No. 1, Fenchurch Avenue, paying, I think, £400. There we remained about ten years. While sitting at my desk looking out on the Avenue below, there lay on the other side some vacant ground awaiting a structure in keeping with the locality.

My mind was quite made up that when this was put up we should be occupants of more commodious premises. This aspiration was fulfilled in 1887, when we were installed on the front ground floor, adding further accommodation from time to time. There we remained for twenty years, until again finding ourselves inadequately housed, the business was finally removed in 1910 to its present quarters in Lloyd's Avenue.

It was decided that this time we should have enough space for any probable requirements in the future, and the whole first floor of the building was taken, at a rental of some £2,000 a year.

All this indicated also an increase of staff. The London office was the headquarters of a larger organisation with branches at Cardiff, West Hartlepool, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Glasgow, each with a

manager and staff. Our employés we always found devoted to the business and full of zeal, which it may perhaps be said, it was endeavoured to recognise with full appreciation, and the best mutual relations prevailed throughout.

This is no unimportant an element in the furtherance of a successful business, and the employer failing to recognise and act upon it is certain to suffer from his short-sighted policy.

An amusing incident is recalled in connection with the appointment of our first Cardiff Manager. The candidate, then at Swansea, had only heard of the opening on the morning we were interviewing applicants at Cardiff. He had just time to catch the train and arrived in good time, but *without a hat!* This, with other obvious qualifications, seemed to stamp him as our man, and he was duly appointed, and retained the position for some years, until he decided to establish a business on his own account, as I had myself once done.

The business thus briefly sketched had but one objective, *the distribution of steam coal to the largest extent at home and abroad.* To effect this, depôts were necessary at all possible points. At Las Palmas (Canary Islands), Teneriffe, St. Vincent (Cape Verdes), Loanda (W. Africa), Port Said, Colombo and St. Lucia (West Indies), the coal grounds, tugs and lighters and other plant were our own property. At a large number of other ports, we had arrangements with local firms for the storing and delivery of our stocks. At the American and Canadian ports, also in India and South Africa where

the supplies were of local origin, we became sole agents in this country for a firm at each port. We were thus enabled to contract for supplies at over forty ports in different parts of the world; indeed, practically at every port where there was a probability of any considerable business and where steamships were likely to call.

All the depôts, except those at which only coal of the country was dealt in, had, necessarily, to be kept supplied with stocks to meet all demands, by shipment from this country, chiefly from Cardiff. Contracts were therefore entered into with the principal Colliery Companies in South Wales, for quantities over the ensuing year, at agreed prices. This involved a certain risk, as in the event of a general fall in the market during the period of the contract, the buyers would be shipping coal at a price above that at which it could be bought on the market at the time. On the other hand, these contracts enabled us to call upon the collieries for cargoes at all times, up to the quarterly average proportions, even although in a rising market it would suit them better to sell to other buyers. The object of the collieries in making contracts beforehand is to ensure a constant regular output, and thus keep the miners continuously employed, which could not otherwise be regularly depended upon.

It was not always easy to keep up regular shipments in slack times; the collieries, on the other hand, had sometimes a difficulty in supplying the full requirements of their customers in times of

pressure. On the whole, however, there was usually a spirit of "give-and-take" on both sides, and if, as sometimes happened, there was a balance under the contract at the end of the year not taken, it would be carried forward to the next year's contract under a mutually fair agreement.

The importance attached by the collieries to contracts with reliable shippers was once brought home to me. One of the first South Wales Companies had been pressing us to contract, at a time when further commitments appeared undesirable. Both the Company and their coal were in every way unexceptionable, and had prospects seemed to justify it, a considerable purchase would have been made. By way of compromise, we offered to take a moderate supply for the following year. The Company was, however, not satisfied with this, and suggested that this should be at least doubled. On my refusing, on the ground that so large an outlet could not be fairly calculated on, in view of purchases already made, they voluntarily undertook that, in case of a difficulty at the end of the year, they would not press for the delivery of the balance. This was a unique proposition, and there could be no further hesitation. I do not now remember how this particular contract worked out, but the general result was that our relations with this Company were established from that time, and large contracts thenceforward were concluded yearly as a matter of course.

To keep up supplies at the depôts, steamers had to be chartered to load at Cardiff, and we were

seldom without one or more loading at the Docks, several thousand tons having to be in readiness at almost every port. This necessitated calculation, as a considerable period must elapse between the chartering of a steamer and its arrival at the port of discharge. It was seldom that any depôt became entirely depleted. When this did occur, one could only fall back upon competitors at the port for a temporary loan, usually readily extended, all being equally liable to find themselves in a similar predicament at some time or other.

The fundamental condition of all was, however, to secure clients and contract customers. These contracts were of a very open character, and in favour of the buyer, who was always entitled to demand any quantity of coal required, at any time, of a given quality, and at an agreed price, while being under no obligation to take supplies unless required. The owner's only obligation was to confine himself to taking such supplies as were needed, from the firm with whom he had a contract. These arrangements relieved the steamship owner from all further concern in regard to the first necessity of his voyages, till the next year came round again.

It is not to be supposed that we had the field to ourselves. There are several other firms in London of good standing, all equally anxious to secure the same business, and as the conditions and prices were in most cases much the same, it became more a matter of goodwill as to who would carry it off. Great was the struggle in the yearly contracting season. When, in early days, travelling the country in this pursuit,

it was not uncommon to find representatives of several competing firms staying in the same hotel as myself.

Our first connection with American coaling owed its origin to the visit to this country of Colonel Lamb, of Norfolk, Virginia, elsewhere referred to in these pages, to arrange for the representation in Europe of the "Pocahontas" coal. This was entrusted to my firm and proved of great advantage. It was retained for about thirty years, from 1884 when the coal first came down to the shipping port of Norfolk, Hampton Roads. Messrs. Castner, Curran & Bullitt, of Philadelphia, were the sole agents for the Pocahontas coal in the United States, while we became sole agents for dealing with it on this side of the Atlantic. The coal was proved, by chemical analysis, to be the best calorific fuel in America, and adopted by the Navy Department as the only coal to be used by the American Navy wherever obtainable. This agency laid the foundation also of our relations with the other American ports, and our firm thus became one of the most prominent in this connection.

Messrs. Castner were able to introduce us to the most desirable houses at every port, eventually including Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans and Pensacola. The business at Norfolk in Pocahontas assumed large dimensions, sometimes exceeding 15,000 tons a month, one reason being that steamers proceeding from the Cotton ports could there coal up for Europe direct, instead of as formerly having to call at Sydney (Cape Breton)

and thus avoid the winter fogs and bad weather on the Newfoundland Banks.

When first taking up the American business I was troubled with misgivings in regard to what I had been told of commercial methods in vogue in the United States ; it was therefore a real satisfaction to find that the friends there with whom we became connected proved to be people with whom it was a pleasure to be associated, sooner or later for the most part developing into personal friends. On one occasion, during a visit to the United States, when staying at Atlantic City I received a wire from Pittsburg, from our New Orleans correspondent. He had just heard of my visit, and was already on his way to welcome us to the States. It is not often a friend will start at an hour's notice, to pay a visit four hundred miles off! Such, however, is the American way.

In these days of universal steam propulsion a business such as that sketched above will be seen to be practically unlimited in scope, as had been indeed realised at the outset. Year after year, working and striving, one may still go on with an unlimited horizon to conquer. In early days, results were slow and inconsiderable, and it was a source of no small satisfaction when the *million* tons turn-over had been at last exceeded, as the result of the year's operations.

This business is still a " going concern," and there seems to be no reason why it should not continue to grow and prosper indefinitely, so long as coal continues to be the main motive power of ocean transport.

CHAPTER XX.

Some Coaling Depôts. St. Vincent (Cape Verde Islands) and Port Said.

As years passed, the operations of the firm continued to grow. On the retirement of Mr. Blyth I had taken into partnership a gentleman who had for some time been Manager and Chief Clerk, and afterwards Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, who had formerly been in the firm of our agents in Glasgow, and had specially attended to our business while in their office. I also admitted my son Leonard as junior partner, and also Mr. Sillitoe, so that I had now four partners, which enabled us to extend our operations in various directions.

In 1893 Captain Holloway, previously Manager of a coaling company at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, called on us, with a Portuguese gentleman from Lisbon, with the offer of a Concession granted by the Portuguese Government of the site for a new Coaling Depôt to be established on the Island. It had long been my wish to have a share of the business at St. Vincent—in the direct line for vessels passing between Europe and South America—which had been hitherto entirely in the hands of two other companies. The difficulties connected with the proposed extension were great, the actual storage depôt for coal having to be erected on an oversea platform (like an enlarged Brighton Pier). It was also certain that every possible opposition from the existing companies would have to be encountered.

It was decided to purchase the concession. A large capital was required, which, with the help of friends, we were successful in raising.

We were in due course warned by the established companies that under no circumstances would our intervention be tolerated. Nevertheless, we proceeded with our arrangements, forming a private Limited Company, with a nominal capital of £100,000 for the purpose. Over £70,000 was expended on the construction of the platform, purchase of lighters, steam tugs and other plant, and in the course of less than two years, operations were begun, and gradually a connection was got together. Similar arrangements were later made for acquiring in our own name the coaling business at Las Palmas, and later on also at Colombo, as well as at St. Lucia, in the West Indies.

In 1910 I decided to go out to the Cape Verde Islands on a visit of inspection. As these Islands are seldom visited by tourists, and are seen only as a rule by passengers landing for a few hours from occasional steamers running between South America and Europe, a short account may not be without interest.

St. Vincent, the principal island, is, like the others of the group, of volcanic origin, rising some 1,000 to 1,200 feet in the centre, and almost without vegetation. All fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, etc., come from the neighbouring Island of San Antonio, six or seven miles distant. There is a population of some 5,000, mostly Portuguese and negroes, with about 100 of (shall I say ?) the *inevitable* English,

all living in the port town of Mindello, which faces the fairly sheltered roadstead for shipping. Here our depôts were established. There are also a Customs House, the residence of the Portuguese Governor, and barracks for the small military force, which does not exceed 100 men. At the landing place, there was formerly a Square or "Praza," planted with trees, surrounded by houses and shops; a roadway with shops also faces the sea. The nature of the business done by the shops I failed to ascertain, but this would be rather limited, there being no local productions and few customers. Along the sea front lie the buildings and coal grounds of three companies, including our own, this with two-storied offices and adjoining the Custom House being the most prominent, and of modern construction. There is also a small fort on a rising ground on the left, with a gun or so of sorts, over which it is the main occupation of the small garrison to keep guard. There is also, at Mindello, the establishment of the Brazilian Telegraph Cable Co., which connects Europe with South America, having a permanent Staff of some twenty Europeans.

Our Concession gave us the right of occupying the whole of the Praza or principal Square, for the purposes of our business, inflicting undoubtedly thereby serious hardship upon the inhabitants. The obligation was therefore imposed on our Company of providing a new Praza, according to a plan drawn up by the Portuguese Engineer Officer, on an adjacent site. In the plan was included a handsome circular bandstand, which was duly

brought out from England. All our obligations were faithfully complied with, and a really handsome Square, properly lighted and laid out, was created. Unfortunately, after all the outlay, time and consideration, the new Square never commended itself to the population, and no signs were in evidence of its being made use of, nor of a band ever having appeared, the fine promenades even being overgrown with weeds.

On the other hand, no protests, so far as is known, were ever brought forward by the inhabitants, who were apparently indifferent to the loss of their old gathering ground and had without any disposition to adopt the substitute provided. This supineness is characteristic of the Portuguese temperament, partly, no doubt, to be accounted for by the mixture of races, more than half the people being of negro blood from the adjacent African mainland. Under British administration conditions generally would probably take on a much more vigorous and progressive aspect, in view of the large introduction of capital and employment brought about by the coaling business.

The great strategical importance of a coaling and telegraph station such as this, midway between two Continents, will be at once recognised, while it will also be seen that from a military point of view the island is without defence. In view of the long-standing relations between Portugal and Great Britain, it may be that this is practically, tacitly perhaps, left to the British Navy, though whether under any specific treaty or agreement I am unable

to say. It is not in the least probable that the German Government has remained indifferent to the subject or is in any way uninformed as to the actual situation and its bearings.

For many years past, Germany has made every possible effort to obtain control of national coaling stations in foreign seas, for want of which the formerly contemplated world fleet, dreamt of by the self-styled "Admiral of the Atlantic," for protecting (in the words of the Naval Bill of 1911) its national trade and commerce would have been greatly hampered. The real ambition, of being able to compete with British naval power for command of the sea, could never have been successful or practicable in time of war without such coaling facilities, and every armed flotilla would necessarily have had to be accompanied by a fleet of colliers, as part of its effective equipment.

What would not Germany have been willing to give for such stations as Madeira, Las Palmas or St. Vincent, in these circumstances? Efforts in this direction have been necessarily limited to the encouragement of quasi-private enterprise, on the part of such companies as the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship and other companies, the Berlin Government in the background with such support and encouragement as might be possible. These companies at one time laid down stocks of German coal at Madeira and Las Palmas for their own use, and even made strenuous efforts to induce British steamship-owners to take these supplies instead of Welsh, at

attractively lower prices, thereby coming into competition with the English foreign coaling contractors, including my own firm. Beyond providing for their own consumption at certain ports, these latter efforts were never very successful. There can be little doubt that our Admiralty has been all along fully informed regarding a subject so highly important to the national interests.

The hotel at St. Vincent (Mindello) not being very attractive, my stay while on the island was with Captain and Mrs. Holloway, the former having now become manager of our company, a position for which his many years' experience fully qualified him. He had a staff of five or six European clerks. I called, of course, on the Governor, and had a friendly reception from His Excellency.

In places such as St. Vincent life must often be somewhat dull and monotonous for European residents, a proportion of whom, however, are married and have families. There was also a clergyman of the Church of England provided by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to whose maintenance the companies contribute. My visit was, on the whole, interesting and useful. Steamers were constantly arriving for coal supplies, when a number of loaded barges would be towed out and placed alongside, by day or night, the captain or officers often meanwhile visiting the shore for a few hours. In a surprisingly short time the work would be finished, the anchor raised and the ship away, fortified with the needed stimulus.

Before leaving, a visit was made to the adjoining

Island of San Antonio, on board a steam tug some 70 feet in length and eight in breadth, and seldom have I suffered more (from the usual trouble) than in the few hours of that voyage. San Antonio is much more picturesque and attractive than St. Vincent, and has a plentiful supply of water, a fine fall pouring down the steep hillside, also a plenteous vegetation, including bananas, tomatoes, papaws, etc. It also produces some good coffee. It is therefore unfortunate that the depth of water is not sufficient for the anchorage of ships of any size, which, of course, practically cuts it off from the outside world.

The most important link in our chain of stations was, however, still wanting, and we felt that the time had now come when we must carry out our long cherished ambition of establishing ourselves on the Suez Canal, at Port Said. We, therefore, decided to apply to the Suez Canal Co. for a Concession for the erection of the necessary buildings, and what was of equal importance, for the grant of necessary mooring area in the Company's waters. These privileges being duly granted, one of our partners proceeded to Port Said, and selected the positions required, a private limited company was formed, the capital held entirely by the firm, and business was started the following year. Some time afterwards, I went out to inspect our arrangements, active operations being then in progress, and the company installed in commodious and handsome offices (which we afterwards purchased) on the Franz Josef Quai, fronting the Canal. On paying my respects at the

offices of the Canal Company, I was gratified on being informed by the French director that, in the opinion of the company, our firm's installation was in all respects as complete and efficient as that of any of the older coaling companies established in this all-important port.

Six private coaling companies had now been established, in different parts of the world, of which I was Chairman, and in addition, several depôts, one after another, which had hitherto belonged solely to our correspondents, and for which we had been acting as agents on a commission basis, were taken over as the property of the firm, the business in each case having increased beyond the resources of the local principals, who, however, continued to retain a direct partnership interest.

With regard to our latest development, it may here be stated that the total tonnage of coal supplied at Port Said (chiefly "Cardiff") to steamers passing through the Canal reaches to one million tons per annum. This will convey some idea of the magnitude of the business done at important coaling stations, though there is no other quite to compare in extent with Port Said, which may fairly be considered the most important in the world.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ship Owning.

It was in about the year 1906 that the partners became possessed of the idea, so natural to a firm connected with shipping, of becoming shipowners ourselves. It was a bold conception. Steamers are a very costly property, but with the ordinary assistance of our bankers the desired object could be gained. Ship owning is in the blood of the British people, and the British flag floats in every seaport throughout the world. Of the tonnage passing through the Suez Canal, about 50 per cent. is British. That of other countries is largely assisted by Government subsidies, while no such aid is given, or even desired, in this country; foreign tonnage entering our own ports is even given advantages over that under our own flag. Tremendous efforts have, since the war, been made by America to compete for the world's carrying trade, the U.S. Government at the present time owning an enormous tonnage, but "Britannia" still "rules the waves," and seems likely to do so. The American effort has proved so far singularly unfortunate, a large deficit having had to be written off by the State, and a multitude of vessels are now, we are told, to be sold off at almost any price.

It was not surprising that, with a business such as ours, a craving for ship owning should have taken

possession of the partners. Accordingly, we placed orders for three steamers, of 6,000 tons capacity and superior classification, with the Palmers Shipbuilding Company, of Jarrow-on-Tyne. These vessels were named the *Redhill*, the *Reigate* and the *Ripley*, and in due time carried the family crest on the "owners' flag" at the masthead. An experienced manager was appointed, and the new enterprise floated, in every sense of the word. Great were our hopes and expectations. Others had done well and were now owning important fleets. Why not ourselves! I remember wondering whether our three steamers might not form, hereafter, the nucleus of a big fleet.

Among some of the fanciful ideas turned over in my mind, in this connection, was how the comfort of the seamen might be promoted by, for instance, the provision of baths in the forecastle. Great, therefore, was my disgust some time afterwards, to find the seamen's "bath" filled with old paint-pots and rubbish, evidently never having been put to its intended use.

Unfortunately, our shipping venture was embarked in at the beginning of a long spell of depression, and the "Surrey" steamships, trading as "tramps" in every part of the world, although of superior speed and stability as cargo carriers, and earning preferential rates of freight in the market, never really brought in satisfactory profits, or more than a bare interest on capital, with the usual margin to cover depreciation. This depression lasted well over ten years—a sufficient time to cure our sanguine expec-

tations, and it was finally, with a feeling of actual relief, that our steamers were sold, at less than half their original cost.

Happily, it was at the time highly convenient to obtain control of ready capital, and as some of our friends were largely developing their own undertakings, we were enabled to buy from them the few outside holdings in some of our foreign Companies, which thus became thereafter our sole property, an arrangement advantageous to both parties.

About two years later, the Great War broke out, and the value of shipping, owing partly to the ruthless destruction of tonnage by German submarines, rose to such a point that it is no exaggeration to say that had the steamers still remained our property, we could easily have realised for them twice or three times the amount for that at which they had been sold. Such are the surprises sometimes experienced in commercial life, upsetting the most carefully thought-out calculations.

The British Steamship Owner.

References occur so often in the foregoing pages to the British Shipowner, and I have had so many friends among them, that I venture to recall a few reminiscences connected more especially with the North East coast. The Steamship Owner of to-day is the natural successor of the Sailing Ship Owner

of the past. To them both we owe our world discoveries, the manning of the Navy, the victories of the Armada, Trafalgar, etc., and finally our actual national subsistence, by means of the imports which we are unable to produce for ourselves. Following the opening of the Suez Canal, the ship-owning firms of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, and other home ports, exchanged their splendid vessels for steamers of even larger capacity. What became of the former, I have no very clear idea—although my firm held shares in some very fine sailing ships which somehow came to an end. They were probably sold to foreigners, or "scrapped" and broken up.

Originally, ownership was spread over a number of holders of 1/64th shares, so that any number of individuals might own one or more shares. This system had its drawbacks, in that every shareholder was equally liable for the whole indebtedness of the ship, in the event of the insolvency of the managers, and it was within the right of the creditors to claim upon any one of them. My firm once had a disagreeable experience in this connection. Holding a single 64th share to the value of some few hundred pounds in a steamer, the managers of which had failed, we found ourselves selected by the creditors as the parties best entitled to the honour of being called upon to meet the whole indebtedness of the ship, amounting to several thousand pounds. Such an arrangement, however, was not likely to be allowed to continue, and all ships gradually came to be held by limited companies, whereby no

shareholder could become liable for more than the value of his shares.

Some of the old firms, on the transference of their capital into steamers, no doubt retained the ownership for the most part in their own hands, but in the majority of cases this was spread over a considerable number of shareholders, the management being in the hands of the firm getting up the company. Thus, an enterprising man would invite all his friends and connections to assist him in getting up a steamer, by subscribing for shares. In this way my firm became shareholders in a number of steamers, which for the most part became highly satisfactory investments.

In many cases, the managing owners had formerly been ship captains, and started in quite a small way, with perhaps one steamer, the number being gradually increased. Many wonderful examples of growth, resulting from ability and enterprise, were thus afforded. Some of those who began in this way led a very simple and thrifty life in small houses with few servants. North Shields and other ports afforded numerous examples of such beginnings in the early days. In the seventies, when making my canvassing rounds I met with some amusing experiences. In one case, the owner, a most worthy man whom it was always a pleasure to visit, lived in the most unpretentious way. He had formerly been master of a sailing vessel. On the other hand, I called one day upon a rather important firm, owning a number of steamers. The senior partner, also an old ship captain, had become

wealthy, but preferred to retain his simple mode of life. While we were chatting together, his son came in. He took a different view of life, being fashionably tailored, and wore an expensive flower in his buttonhole. I was informed that among his favourite recreations was driving four-in-hand! Someone remarked to his father, what a lot of money the son was getting through, when the latter replied, "Well, if Tom gets as much pleasure in spending the money as I did in making it, I am quite satisfied." One of the other partners, since an M.P. and a Director of the Suez Canal Company, married the daughter of an old ship owner, who left a fortune of over £300,000. A story was told of the latter that, when nearing the end, he could hardly be induced to partake of such delicacies as oysters, though ordered by the doctor, owing to their being an extravagance.

A notable instance of improved fortune from shipping is the case of one who told me his own story. His father had been a farm labourer earning 9*s*. a week, with a large family. There was in those days no free education, but my friend taught himself to read from the notices on the local shops, in one of which he became employed as errand boy. Eventually, he drifted on board a small sailing collier, of which in time he soon became second and afterwards chief mate. He next became master of the vessel, and, eventually, with his savings and the help of friends, the actual owner. He now traded with his little ship between Sunderland and London, carrying coal on his own account, by the

profits on which he was able to accumulate some capital. My friend's next move was to start a ship provision store, entrusting the running of the collier to others. This being in the early days of steam propulsion, it became borne in upon him that if he could raise enough capital to pay for a steamer, this would make at least three times as many trips as could be done under sail. All his energies were thenceforward directed towards carrying out the idea, in which he eventually succeeded. Several of his friends, no doubt impressed by his capability and enterprise, came forward to take shares in his venture, and with also the proceeds of the sailing ship, a steam collier was purchased. This was the beginning of developments on a constantly progressive scale. Steamer was added to steamer. The owner bought and carried coal from his own collieries, sons grew up, were educated and sent to the Universities. Some went into professions, others started businesses of their own, which are in prosperous existence at the present time.

This remarkable history, related during a railway journey, filled me with sympathy and admiration. In later years I found, after the old gentleman's death, the eldest son living with his family on the same estate from which his father had sprung, in the Manor House, with farms and a grouse moor of his own, adjacent. Here is a development surely affording an example of what is possible in this England of ours, by determination, integrity and "self-help" which would have satisfied the imagination of the late Mr. Smiles. The old gentleman

whose life I have sketched, but whose name I have purposely not recorded—out of regard for his numerous descendants—though they might well nevertheless have read the record with honest pride, was neither a Churchman nor a Conservative, characteristics which, in my limited vision, I have always regarded as properly appertaining to the great Englishman. He was a good Christian, which is the vital matter after all.

Other shipowners within my range of acquaintance and observation have been similarly noteworthy, but none have made quite the same impression upon me as the foregoing.

I recall one with whom I first became acquainted when calling to offer my services. He stood in his provision store, in a small seaport, surrounded by shelves loaded with bacon, hams and cheeses. As time went on, apart from this business, my friend, who owned and managed a few steamers, began to engage in what were usually described as "fortunate speculations," but really transactions originating in calculation and *foresight*. He became rapidly very wealthy. He would buy steamers from the builders, before completion, or contract for ship after ship, always apparently making a handsome profit in the end. Not satisfied, he next set up a shipbuilding yard of his own. He then went into iron-smelting, and established salt-works. Having now become a great employer of labour and master of industry, my friend entered Parliament, where his pronouncements were, from their practical and large-minded character, listened to with respect. He now bought an

estate in Yorkshire, and built a mansion, afterwards buying a second estate in the same county, where I had the advantage of visiting him and his wife. This was about the time of Mr. Asquith's attack upon the privileges of the House of Lords. Lightly, I remarked that he would no doubt be one of the first peers with which Mr. Asquith was threatening to coerce his political opponents in that Chamber. This unconstitutional and, as it may perhaps be reasonably characterised, audacious project, as will be remembered, was frustrated. It is believed that Royalty intervened with a refusal. My friend afterwards attained nevertheless a Peerage, but in the ordinary course, and has left a son to carry on the title, the latter having, it is understood, entered a horse for the Derby.

The above are very exceptional cases, but though it would be rarely possible for the uneducated son of a poor labourer to attain wealth and found an important family, or a ship provisions dealer in a provincial town to become a great industrial magnate and a Peer, the facts related above are, it will be admitted, sufficient to illustrate successes which may be attained by ability, perseverance and energy in this country.

In the course of years, I have received so much kindness and sympathy from steamship owners on all sides, without whose support and confidence my own business could never have attained any great importance, that it is a sincere satisfaction to record some of their sterling qualities and to dwell on a calling which is, after all, hereditary in my fellow

countrymen from the days of the Viking, and for which still a prosperous existence will, it cannot be doubted, continue in the future, notwithstanding the cloud of deep depression overhanging it under present exceptional conditions, brought about by the universal chaos and confusion resulting from the greatest war the world has ever known.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Suez Canal.

While I was being borne homewards, with more or less patience, in a sailing ship round the Cape, a revolution in world ocean transport had in fact come about, which would render such a voyage henceforward obsolete. Consequently, the experience was really specially memorable! The Suez Canal had been opened, with pomp and acclaim. The magnificent project of M. de Lesseps had been coldly looked upon by the world generally other than France, and during the period of its construction, with indifference and incredulity, as a chimera. And by none more than by the British Government, under Lord Palmerston and other Ministers, who persistently refused to regard the undertaking as of any importance. It was, indeed, looked upon as a sort of "wild cat" enterprise for the glorification of France.

Nevertheless, there was nothing in the project of a chimerical nature. The levels at either end of the seventy miles of the Isthmus, and those of the desert itself, which at no point much exceeded an elevation of 20 or 30 feet, the position of the Bitter Lakes some half-way across, providing in themselves a navigable waterway for a considerable distance, and even more important in some respects, the respective levels of the two seas, admitting of a slow current from end to end, and thereby preventing

stagnation, were all highly favourable conditions. After an expenditure of some 17 millions sterling, and with the aid of forced labour, the work was at length completed, and a navigable route created from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, whereby a saving in distance of several thousand miles was effected, as compared with that round the Cape of Good Hope.

The great conception of Mons. Ferdinand de Lesseps was consequently of the highest importance in facilitating communication with India and the East—the true kernel of the long-standing "Eastern Question." Nothing could well be of greater moment to the British Empire, and it might have been expected that British statesmen would have recognised this. One more instance, however, of British slowness of apprehension and absence of "outlook" in national questions was presented.

Supporting with all her energies and enthusiasm the brilliant enterprise, France had arranged with the Egyptian Government, by a splendid bribe to its spendthrift ruler, Ismail Pasha, that he should hold one-fourth of the shares, and the thing was done. It was many years later, in 1875, that our astonishing ineptitude was as far as possible atoned for by Mr. Disraeli. The story will be remembered. It became known that the shares of the Egyptian Viceroy were to be available to the highest bidder, and if not forthwith acquired by this country would find other purchasers. Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby being then Prime Minister, at once arranged to spend the afternoon (Sunday) with Lord Roth-

schild in Piccadilly. The arrangements were then and there completed, the money required, four millions sterling, provided, and the Khedive's shares became the property of the British Government. Here was a stroke of genius, resulting in one of the best investments from every point of view ever secured by any country. Parliament had not been consulted, though subsequently the transaction was confirmed. The fury and indignation of the French Prime Minister, the Duc Décazes, when the news of the transaction reached him, is graphically told in M. de Blowitz's Memoirs. It was interpreted by the French Government as a blow at French interests in Egypt, but as M. de Blowitz writes in 1883, eight years later, "The shares have remained in the peaceful possession of Great Britain, and Lord Derby could feel at his death that he and Lord Beaconsfield had been the authors of one of the most clever and paying acts of patriotism possible, for besides the immense hold which this act has given to England in the affairs of the Suez Canal, she gets from this possession to-day the enormous sum of £17,000,000." This being the market value of the shares at the time.

To this country, the Canal was greatly more important than to France, while by becoming possessed of a fourth interest in the Company, we thereby held a position invaluable not only from a commercial but from a political point of view. British Directors were appointed to seats on the Board of the Company, and from that time the British Exchequer has benefited annually to the extent of

something like the sum first invested. Incidentally, it may be remembered, that of the tonnage passing through the Canal, a proportion not far short of 50 per cent. has been under the British flag.

Can anyone imagine a transaction such as the above being conceived by the average present day statesman? Let us suppose it had been submitted to Mr. Gladstone, or to Mr. Asquith. The suggestion calls forth a smile. It might, no doubt, have "received due consideration," according to the usual formula, it certainly would never have been adopted with the promptness required by the occasion. Our financial interest gave great additional stability to the Company. The Canal itself has never indeed been entirely safe from attack by an enemy. The sinking of a single warship in its course would at any time be sufficient to interrupt the passage of traffic, at perhaps some critical juncture, as indeed was on one occasion attempted, and with difficulty prevented.

Such being the case, it was at one time proposed that a second canal should be dug parallel to the first, the two being used together, the one by Eastward and the other by European bound ships. It was thought also that the new canal might have been a British enterprise, under a second concession from the Egyptian Government. I took upon myself to advocate this at one time, in a pamphlet which was circulated among members of the House of Commons and other prominent men. A copy was forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, and another to Sir Stafford Northcote. From the former, the

acknowledgment was of the most formal character, through his secretary; from Sir Stafford, however, I received a letter full of appreciation and understanding.

In the course of time, the original bed of the Canal, which had become inadequate for the size and draught of vessels passing through, was enlarged in width and depth, so that it is now capable of affording passage for the largest steamers afloat.

The effects of the Suez Canal on the Shipping world were immense. Steam navigation henceforward advanced by leaps and bounds, and soon almost entirely displaced the sailing ship. Indeed, the revolution was greater than could at first sight have been foreseen.

Every steamer would make two or three voyages for each of its predecessors, and an enormous impetus was given to shipbuilding, while the new tonnage was of ever increasing carrying capacity, beyond anything ever before dreamt of. Twelve to fifteen hundred tons register was at one time a quite good size for a sailing ship, but now steamers of 5,000 or 6,000, and up to 10,000 tons and more, were taking the water every day for world traffic. It was feared at first, by the timorous, that it would be impossible to find employment for this colossal increased expansion, but such misgivings proved unfounded. The greater the transport facilities provided the greater became the growth of commerce, and a period of great and world-wide prosperity was brought about.

It seems strange that both my voyages to and from India should have been by the way of the Cape, and that at the very time of these memorable developments I should not have myself seen the Suez Canal, with which subsequently my interests were destined to become intimately associated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Marriage. Life at Blackheath. Removal to Earlswood Common.

In 1876 my father married Miss Mary Langston, the cultivated, and I may add, attractive daughter of the Reverend Stephen Langston, Vicar of Southborough. This event was destined to lead up to the most important turning-point in my own career. My father and Mrs. Hull were still living at the Vicarage of Wickhambrook when, early in 1879, I was asked to spend the approaching Easter holiday with them in the country, a prospect always very pleasant to the City man.

On arriving at the Vicarage, I found already installed as visitors the two daughters of an old friend of Mrs. Hull's, the Rev. A. E. Julius, Rector of Southery, in Norfolk. It is not to be supposed that the question of meeting with my predestined life partner had been entirely absent from my mind up to this time. Indeed, the frequent exhortations of friends solicitous for my welfare would have prevented this. After, therefore, a short experience of this highly momentous visit, it dawned upon me that here, perhaps, was a providential indication in this direction, and it thus came about that the elder Miss Julius became my wife some few months later. We were united in marriage, by our respective fathers, in the Parish Church of Southery, on the 27th of August, 1879. I need not dwell upon this culmination of my life's story, further

than to record that after forty-four years' companionship, my wife and I are able to look back upon the event with complete content, realising that in our case the marriage was truly " made in Heaven."

After a tour in Edinburgh and among the Scottish Lakes, we returned south, and took up our abode in Blackheath Park, in a cottage which was at once named after the old Norfolk Rectory.

The first day in our new home was, of course, spent in hanging pictures and other domestic arrangements, and on the following morning I proceeded as a matter of course to the City, once more to take up the reins of business.

This came as a surprise upon my wife, who had hardly realised that henceforth we should see little of each other between nine in the morning and six or seven in the evening. Thus it is : " Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening."

I shall never regret the part I took in my small way in politics in early days. A convinced Conservative, as I have said before, it seemed my duty to take a hand in promoting the public and national interests, as appealing to me, by every means in my power. Being appointed Chairman of the Conservative Association at Blackheath, I was instrumental in starting a Conservative Club, which gave opportunities from time to time of becoming acquainted with some of the more prominent members of the Party. These were occasionally entertained at dinner at the Club, and in return we were treated with interesting addresses on the more salient topics of the time.

Among the celebrities of the party at the time of whom we saw a good deal, was Baron Henry de Worms, M.P. for Greenwich, an excellent speaker, strongly in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Government, especially in regard to the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia; also our Member, Sir Charles Mills (afterwards Lord Hillingdon), and others.

These years were full of interest, in which I always enjoyed the active co-operation and encouragement of my wife, who, notwithstanding increasing nursery claims during that period, would always share to the fullest extent our political and other semi-public efforts.

On one occasion, an anti-Bradlaugh public meeting had been arranged for, the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's refusal to take the oath in Parliament causing at that time much popular agitation. His claim for exemption was strongly opposed by Mr. Gladstone, who made a great speech on the subject in the House of Commons. To the consternation of our Committee, a message was received late in the afternoon that our principal speaker from London, the Duke of Norfolk, who also was to preside, was unable to keep his engagement. What was to be done? In the end, our Committee decided that the duty of filling the gap should devolve upon myself. We had a crowded meeting, and, to my great relief, all our resolutions were unanimously passed with enthusiasm.

As Churchwarden of St. Michael's, Blackheath Park, during the incumbency of the Rev. B. Baring-

Gould, it devolved upon me to try and improve the internal conditions which were of the early Victorian type, with high box pews, three-decker pulpit, reading and clerks' desks, and, of course, galleries. It might indeed almost be said, on entering the edifice, "How dreadful is this place!"

The congregation, as also the people's warden, were mostly of the narrow evangelical order, and any attempt to alter, much more to improve the æsthetics, was regarded with the utmost suspicion and as savouring of "High Church" tendencies, if not worse. The task was, therefore, not an easy one. However, by dint of perseverance and persuasion, and the sympathy of the Incumbent, a sufficient sum was raised and some really effective improvements carried out. It was even attempted to introduce a Latin cross in the centre panel of the reredos, but this was too much for some of our old-fashioned friends, and after much argument had to be abandoned, and all was well.

Imagine my horror, on returning one evening, after the building operations were completed, to find that the upper portion of the needle-like spire had been blown down by the gale, and was lying in fragments outside the East window—a judgment obviously, said some, on our advanced innovations! This was a serious matter, involving considerable further outlay, the scaffolding alone causing a heavy addition to our expenditure.

My co-Churchwarden having retired, was succeeded by my friend and neighbour Mr. N. Bridges, which brought a pause in the ceaseless opposition

by which his predecessor had always felt it his duty to obstruct our quasi-progressive tendencies. This was really quite uncalled for, since no one could well be more sincerely opposed to "Romanizing" encroachments upon the principles of the Reformed Church of England than myself.

At this time, I was acting as local hon. secretary for the C.M.S., and also the Missions to Seamen, with both of which Societies I have always been in strong sympathy. The present schism in the C.M.S., threatening to break up and disrupt the largest organisation for carrying out the Divine Command, is now in progress, and all good men must hope for a peaceful solution.

As regards the Missions to Seamen, I was for a time on the parent Committee, having always felt that my connection with shipping imposed an obligation to further any endeavour to promote the well-being of the British sailor. The Society carries on a great and important work, providing institutes for the welcome and recreation in many seaports, and in the boarding of vessels bound for and arriving home from foreign ports, by chaplains of a type always ready with hearty cheer and exhortation for the mariner. The working Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Mr. Burkitt, was living at Blackheath, and the income of the Society was at that time some £18,000 a year. The growth of its operations since then may be to some extent realised, by its increase of income to between £45,000 and £50,000 per annum!

This success, latterly, has been largely promoted

by the ability and devotion of its Organising Secretary for many years, the Rev. G. F. Wilson, an Hon. Chaplain to the King, who became afterwards an attached friend of our family, until his death in 1922, mourned by all.

I had ultimately the satisfaction of handing over this work to my son Trevor, who became its representative in the Redhill and Reigate district, and succeeded in arousing a local interest in the sailor, and in raising a sum yearly for the work, far beyond previous records.

After a couple of years in our first home, Southery Cottage, larger accommodation being needed, we removed to No. 17, Morden Road, a commodious house within about half a mile. Here we lived for the next two years, when it began to appear that a change further into the country would better suit our family of young people: we therefore began to look round for a more retired retreat within easy reach of London.

This was eventually found on Earlswood Common, near Redhill, the attraction being influenced largely by the vicinity of Gatton Park, then occupied by the old friends of the family, Mr. and Mrs. McCalmont, whom we had already been accustomed to visit from time to time.

The new home, again named "Southery Cottage," was said to have been formerly occupied by the well-known writer "George Eliot," and was the property of Mrs. Conway, widow of Canon Conway of Westminster, to whom afterwards we became much attached.

We had also other old friends in the new locality, including Mrs. Crawford at Gatton Cottage, Mrs. McCalmont's sister, both being sisters of Earl Cairns (Lord Chancellor in the Administration of Lord Beaconsfield), who was frequently at Gatton during our visits.

After a brilliant career at the Bar, Lord Cairns, it will be remembered, became a distinguished statesman, and will always be regarded as one of the *great* Lord Chancellors. He was a source of strength to the Government to which he belonged, and possessed the gift of oratory in a marked degree. I remember, when in Philadelphia in 1888, being told by one of the principal lawyers of that city, Mr. Bullitt, that when in England to confer with Lord Cairns on a U.S. Railway question, the latter made a speech in the House of Lords of four hours' duration, which he considered the greatest performance of the kind he had ever heard. Lord Cairns was a profoundly religious man, and possessed of much social charm.

We were not destined to stay on in our cosy cottage on Earlswood Common for very long. Indeed, there seemed to be no finality in our housing arrangements, and in 1888 a further move began in a really very natural way to loom upon our horizon. Looking down on Earlswood Common, a short way from where we were living, stood conspicuously a larger residence known as Earlswood Mount, with boards offering it "To be Let or Sold." There were fine old trees, shrubberies and grassy lawns, all sloping towards the south, and ending in a meadow

bordering the Common. The house was comparatively old and picturesque and offered the larger accommodation we required. For a country house, near London, the place was ideal, commanding a glorious view to the south as far as the South Downs. As we passed up and down the Common "The Mount" seemed persistently to beckon us. There could apparently be no question as to the desirability of such a home, and the only question was whether it would prove too much of an undertaking.

However, in the end we decided to make the venture, and within a few months were in occupation. The property belonged to Mr. Waterlow, who lived on the hill above, his residence being named "High Trees." A few years later Mr. Waterlow died, "The Mount" came into the market, and I became the purchaser of the freehold, hoping surely now we might consider ourselves settled for the remainder of our lives, and this indeed became the family home for nearly forty years.

As owner of the property I felt there would always be something to do in carrying out improvements, and this for a long time provided an interesting preoccupation.

At some previous period the two principal rooms on the ground floor had been extended south over the terrace. My first step, therefore, was to bring out the rooms above, in the same manner, the whole south front of the house being then finished with a balustrade, after the Italian style. The next matter to be taken in hand was the north or entrance front

on the other side. A portico, entrance hall and billiard room, with rooms above, were erected, and so on. Last of all came the servants' accommodation, which it will be admitted is usually hardly given sufficient attention. I had often thought, when inspecting London houses with handsome reception-rooms, how wretched was the accommodation for the serving staff. At "The Mount" the "attics" so-called were not actually uncomfortable, but attics only. We determined, therefore, to make this part of the house harmonize with the rest. The attics were accordingly swept away, and an entirely new story superimposed, having a southern outlook from dormer windows. This accomplished, our house was finally completed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Various Foreign Trips.

There is something essentially stimulating and invigorating in travelling abroad. In new scenes and surroundings, ordinary preoccupations and worries which have been weaving their cobwebs are for the time brushed away and new interests are awakened. One realises with a vague surprise that other peoples and countries exist and are pursuing the even tenor of their way, as had hardly been done before, and new points of view present themselves—without prejudice, of course, to the conviction, firmly rooted in the heart of every "Britisher" that he and his are fortunately on a higher plane than any other nationality! I must confess to looking back with satisfaction upon my travels and expeditions during many years.

The first to be recalled is a tour in the Black Forest in Germany, accompanied by our old friend and family doctor, Mr. Hallowes, when a most enjoyable fortnight was put in, I think in 1898.

Mr. Hallowes was an exceptional man, and had been attending the family for several years. Two of his sons had been school-fellows of Leonard's, at Haileybury. Later, the younger one, Rupert, entered my office as clerk and remained with us some years, showing great promise, while receiving a training which enabled him to start in a business of his own. When the War broke out, this fine young man, who had joined the Queen's West-

minsters, went out to the front in France, and, after having been awarded the V.C., was, unhappily, killed. A promising career cut short and a glorious end!

I well remember my trip with his father. On a Sunday morning we lay on the sunny slopes at Titisee, in the heart of the Black Forest, dreamily gazing at the snowy ranges of the Alps, apparently floating above the clouds some hundred miles distant, far beyond the visible horizon—a truly wonderful effect. Within a few miles rose the Feldberg peak, which we did not fail to ascend, some five thousand feet high, with magnificent views on all sides. At Titisee there is a lake of considerable size, about three miles long, and as the hills on the South-eastern side rise abruptly to a great height, the sun's rays reach hardly more than half of the lake, the effect being rather grim. On this gloomy slope stands a considerable dwelling, apparently doomed for ever to the shade. Our sympathy went out to the two old ladies who, we were told, were the permanent occupants.

Some years later, a visit to the Black Forest was repeated, this time accompanied by my wife and her sister. We had found our way by train from Baden to Triberg, ascending by a winding and well-engineered railway through fine scenery, to a level some three thousand feet above the sea. Arrived in this secluded mountain retreat, we established ourselves in the "Loewen," where the landlord received us with the greatest cordiality, giving us excellent accommodation on the first floor, including

a capacious sitting-room facing the wide main street. Our practice was to set out after breakfast, taking lunch with us, for a long day's walk through the forest paths, arranging beforehand for dinner at the hotel on our return in the evening. First a most important question had to be settled, the landlord solemnly requiring to be informed "at what price" should the dinner be prepared, the prices ranging from two-and-a-half to five marks a head. This was in the nature of a "poser," but being always on the side of moderation, the decision was usually in favour of the three marks' dinner. In the result, we would invariably find a repast better suited to the national appetite than to our more limited capacities. I need not go into details, but recall the anxious solicitude of *mein Host* when, standing beside my chair, he would uncover dish after dish, of really excellent viands, and his disappointment and distress at our inability to do full justice to the more than ample provision.

Throughout our tour in this delightful region the same spirit of hearty hospitality was everywhere to be met with. Even in small and not much frequented villages, the Gasthaus was always ready with good entertainment at moderate charges, and when we stayed for the night, having sent on our small luggage by the diligence, the cleanest of bedroom accommodation, though seldom without strong olfactory reminders of the cows stabled underneath one's floor.

We used to take long and pleasant tramps, passing through roadside villages, frequently meeting parties

of wood-cutters or charcoal burners working in the forest, and invariably being saluted with the polite and friendly "*Gut Tag*."

One peculiarity of the Black Forest struck us, that there seems to be no resident landed gentry, the inhabitants being almost entirely of the peasant order. The good disposition of the people towards strangers was at this time ever in evidence.

It is sad to reflect that to-day, owing to the insane ambition of a single ruler and his *entourage*, animated by a ruthless militarism, a splendid country and an efficient, kindly people such as these should have, from friends, been misled into regarding us as their enemies.

On another occasion, my wife and I made an expedition up the Rhine from Cologne to Lake Constance, certainly one of the pleasantest of summer trips. The boats furnish excellent deck accommodation, hearty goodwill also in those days abounding on all sides. The scenery on both banks of the Rhine, with the ruined castles, for the most part the property, as we were usually told, of the now ex-Kaiser, the vineyards promising their abundant excellent wines later on, affording a constant succession of interest and charm. A curious incident of this trip was our meeting with my late brother, Edward, and his party, in the Cathedral at Mainz, in which we had taken refuge from the intense heat, without any idea that my brother was abroad at the time.

My next trip abroad, I think, was on board the Orient Line steamer, *Ophir*, accompanied by

Dr. Berridge, who, on the death of Mr. Hallowes, had become our family doctor. We took with us my youngest boy, Leslie. Our route was by way of Tangier, Las Palmas, and home by Madeira. The latter island we did not visit in the end, owing to an outbreak of smallpox ashore. At Tangier we were met on the quay by wild-looking Moors, and, discarding all fear of Raisuli and his myrmidons, we calmly proceeded on donkeys to the market-place, on a rising ground beyond the town. This proved to be an open space of some acres, and here every variety of native life was in active and noisy evidence. From Tangier we made our way to Las Palmas, involving two or three days' steaming, and put up at the Santa Catalina Hotel, with a delightful wide balcony outside our rooms on the first floor.

We received much kind hospitality from the Miller family, old-established residents. Mr. Miller had a charming country house and garden at Monte, in the hills, some miles distant, in addition to his town house and place of business in Las Palmas. At the former he cultivated some beautiful and interesting flowering plants. It was here I got some specimens of the Strelitzia lily, which are still in my possession, and of late years have very freely thrown out their remarkable orange and purple bird-like blooms, quite as successfully, I believe, as in the houses at Kew.

At Las Palmas, of course, there was an additional interest in our coaling depôts and wharfs, at the shore end of the breakwater, a very advantageous

position. This breakwater is an important work, having been constructed at a cost of over two millions sterling, and runs out about three-quarters of a mile from the land. It thus forms an effective shelter for the large amount of shipping always frequenting the port.

The Canary Islands belong to Spain, whose people are not highly progressive and like to take things in a leisurely way. A gentleman being anxious for his letters, called at the Post Office some hours after he knew the mail had been landed. He found the mails spread out in heaps on the floor, several Spanish officials sitting round smoking their cigarettes and chatting in the most happy and easy-going manner. His letters he was told would be available shortly, but it was some hours later when he received them. "*Manyana*" (to-morrow) is the favourite motto of these good people.

An example of their indifference to reform may be given. Between the port and the town of Las Palmas is a long, straight dusty road, with white flat-roofed houses on either side. Some of the principal residents, wishing to improve local amenities, decided to plant trees and thus create an attractive avenue. After a time, when the trees began to produce foliage, it was observed they had a tendency suddenly to die off. Enquiries being made, it was found that the occupants of the houses regarded the trees rather as an obnoxious innovation than otherwise, and were in the habit of pouring boiling water over the roots.

In justice, however, I ought perhaps to mention

that we have even in England some similar non-progressives. A great effort was made some years ago by my neighbour at Redhill, Mr. Henry Sewill, to have trees planted in suitable places on the common and about the town. One old resident in the Brighton Road decidedly objected to any being planted outside his inn. On my remonstrating with the old obstructive, his reply was, "We don't want trees, we want our road" (as plain and untasteful as a road could be) "to be like the Strand in London." One feels how vain is argument in such cases!

One of the results of the companionship of a small boy when touring is being kept in a state of more or less anxiety. While making a trip in a small steamer across to the Island of Teneriffe, to inspect some property there, I left Leslie, then about eight years old, in charge of my friend, Berridge. On my return, the latter informed me that Leslie, being intent on sea fishing in my absence, had insisted on establishing himself on the rigging somewhere under the bowsprit for this purpose, and he had been in constant fear of his falling into the sea. There was a similar occurrence when, once more in the *Ophir*, we were up the fiords in Norway. One evening about dusk, not having seen Leslie for some hours, I earnestly enquired his whereabouts, to no purpose. Presently a small boat was descried at a distance of a mile or two down the fiord. This turned out to be my young friend, calmly enjoying his favourite pursuit. "All's well that ends well"!

While on the subject of the Norwegian fiords, one

recalls the ever-menacing form, in the furthest recess of many of these remarkable inlets, of the German warship at anchor, grimly awaiting fulfilment of the then keen longing for "*Der Tag*," which should awake them into activity—the programme of world supremacy at sea, so long determined on and persisted in by their masters in Berlin, without doubt firmly implanted in the hearts of those on board. As the result of this fatal ambition, we now witness the entire disappearance, from the world, of Germany as a Sea Power, through the instrumentality of the British Navy.

With feelings of profound relief and thankfulness, we can now realize that these sinister visitors are no longer in evidence in those remarkable retreats.

CHAPTER XXV.

Visit to Italy.

In the autumn of a later year my dear wife and I, accompanied by our eldest daughter Winifred, set out on a tour in Italy. Our first objective was Lago Maggiore, through the St. Gothard Tunnel, staying first at Menaggio. The vintage was in full swing and the luscious ripe figs a constant treat. At the Hotel were staying Lord Ashbourne, then Irish Lord Chancellor, and his family. He was a genial personage, and I was soon enlisted as a fourth at whist for the evenings. Leaving Menaggio, we stayed some days at Lugano, and then crossed the lake and took up our abode at the Grand Hotel, Bellagio, with enchanting views on all sides. To the north, the Alps which we had crossed, to the east and south the glorious mountains of the Austrian Tyrol, and westward, Lake Maggiore opening into that of Como.

There is no country to my thinking to compete with Italy in charm for the tourist. In the olive wooded slopes, with their enticing winding lanes, the distant snow-clad mountain ranges, the lover of nature finds all he can desire. The quaint old architecture of the villages, white-walled and with their red-tiled roofs, the invariable church with its campanile, the glorious sunshine, the bright-eyed, tawny children, all contribute to a never failing interest and pleasure. Then, in the towns, what churches, cathedrals, monuments and works of

art! One feels tempted to become possessed of everything in the shop windows, and in love with all mankind. Although one cannot buy *everything*, one comes home laden with lovely bits of art and history that remain things of beauty and of after joy and satisfaction, and, alas, I may perhaps add by way of caution, also with a depleted purse!

We visited Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples. At Milan there are many lions, chief of which should be named the church and monastery of Santa Maria della Grazie, where on the walls of the Refectory, in which the impious Napoleon stabled his cavalry horses, is the pathetic painting of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. Visiting this place again, at a later period, I determined to secure if possible a copy of this exquisite work of art, executed while the colouring of the original still remained clear and definite. This has of recent years been gradually becoming more and more faint, and I believe the Italian Government prohibits further copies being made, probably for that reason. On this occasion, I succeeded in my purpose. The artist recognised as of greatest prominence, indeed, as copyist *par excellence* of the Leonardo picture, was Grignaschi, who had died a year or two previously, his widow still living in the house opposite the church. We accordingly paid her a visit. The reproduction of the picture had been her husband's life work, and she possessed copies in various sizes; one was selected. I have always considered this the most faithful copy of Leonardo's work that could be desired, and to compare favourably with those I have

seen in public galleries, including the Louvre in Paris, in the facial expressions of Our Lord and His disciples, as well as in softness of colouring. The picture is now in the possession of my son Trevor.

Venice, with its Grand Canal and gondolas, bordered by decorated façades of ancient palaces, the bridge of the Rialto, the unique Cathedral church of San Marco, the Piazza and its pigeons, the Palace of the Doges, its Campanile now rebuilt, and its multitude of churches crowded with works of priceless value! Where in the wide world can be found anything to compare in fascination? Given fine weather for exploration, and the energy of health to enjoy it, what more can the visitor desire? At Venice we stayed at the Hotel Danielli, the Palace of an ancient Doge, on the Grand Canal.

But Rome! I must confess I felt more stirred on entering the "Eternal City" than on the occasion of any similar experience. To me to be in *Rome* is in itself an event inspiring a feeling of *awe*. My dear wife and daughter were also similarly affected. Setting out each morning to visit the Forum, the Amphitheatre, St. Peter's, the Vatican, etc., each new object aroused feelings of wonder and veneration. It would be hard to say what particular object or scene affected one most strongly. Whether the chambers in the Palace of Nero, with their dark red interior decoration, the nymph floating in the centre of the panel, the church of "St. Peter in Chains"; or that of St. Paul's outside

the Walls ; the spot in the forum where Cæsar stood to deliver his dying speech ; it would be hard to say. On the whole, however, I think perhaps that what came home to one more than anything else was the Appian Way, at the point where St. Paul and St. Peter are said to have parted, or the remains of the small ancient house, with its pillared front under the cliff, where St. Paul himself is said to have dwelt. We had the great privilege of staying in Rome about a fortnight.

We then passed on to Naples, whence of course we paid a visit to the ruins of Pompeii. The marvellously preserved remains of Italian life in the first century, now uncovered from the dust of ages, is of an interest impossible to describe. Here were purchased some of the surplus relics of pottery, which in design are unsurpassed by any modern productions of the same kind. Of these relics, the Italian Government takes the first examples found, allowing the duplicates to be disposed of.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Egypt.

For some time past the newspapers have insistently, with heavy headlines, called our attention to the discoveries of the late Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter, in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes; we, therefore, the more naturally turn to one's own experiences in Egypt.

It was in 1905 that I first visited that country of wondrous and unique fascination. Our party consisted of my daughter Winifred, her brother Hubert (for whom I got special leave with some difficulty from Dr. Wood, then Headmaster of Harrow), and myself. We were accompanied by Sir James and Lady Willcocks and their boy Jim. On arriving at Port Said, Sir James found orders awaiting him to proceed immediately to India, to take command of the expedition against the Zakka Khel tribesmen, while we all proceeded on to Cairo. I had previously written to Cook & Son to provide me with a reliable dragoman, without which guardianship one must, on a first visit at least, feel hopelessly bewildered.

On coming out of the station at Cairo into a surging crowd, there emerged a tall Arab in the usual long white garment and turban, who solemnly salaamed and calmly relieved me of the despatch case I was carrying. He was a man of about forty, decidedly dark in colour, with a good honest face without being handsome. He told me he had been

engaged for me by Cook, his name being Abdul Salaam Faid. From that time Abdul took entire charge of all our arrangements, and became our guide, philosopher, and faithful guardian. He turned out to be a Bedouin Arab, and might, had he so desired, have succeeded as Sheikh of his tribe, which dwelt in the village adjacent to the Great Pyramid. He held, consequently, a position of standing and authority among the Arabs and Egyptians, whom he could quickly subdue on their attentions becoming unduly obtrusive.

A smart car from the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, took us promptly to that destination, where we found excellent accommodation awaiting us. The hotel, a former Palace of the Khedive, was surrounded by beautiful grounds with sub-tropical shrubs and fine trees, the Nile flowing now at the lower end. It was about the beginning of January, when there is always a cold north wind, and after a few days we decided to travel as soon as possible further south. Having, superficially, visited the city, bazaars and citadel, we took the train for Assouan, some 400 miles up the Nile from Cairo. A special feature of the Nile is that, while the current flows northwards towards the Mediterranean, there is always a strong breeze blowing southward up the river, so that the Dahabeeah, with its great sail, can always progress in either direction.

Arrived in due course at Assouan, and entering the "Cataract Hotel" one comes out on a spacious verandah overlooking the Nile, and in the afternoon is faced by a truly wonderful *coup d'œil*, the brilliant red

glow of the sunset being reflected in the water below, the hills of the desert in various shades of purple to black stretching beyond, with the adjacent Island of Elephanta immediately on the right. The effect is wonderful, and one feels transported into a scene of enchantment.

The hotel was filled with visitors of all nationalities, among whom one could hardly fail to meet some friends or acquaintances, which we did, and some pleasant days were spent in this resort. Mounted on the never-failing donkey, some of which are really wonderful animals, totally different from the ordinary home example—or on the more dignified and elevated camel—joyous rides are available for all, over the desert in various directions, the favourite route being by the ancient, indeed time-immemorial, highway to the Nile port of Shellal, about four miles distant, crowded with Dahabeeahs, and passenger steamers by which expeditions can be arranged for both up and down the river, in the former case as far as Wadi Halfa, a further distance of some 300 miles southward.

The outstanding object of interest at Assouan is, of course, the great Barrage, which holds up the river to a level enabling its waters to be distributed over vast areas of cultivation. An unfortunate effect, is the submerging of Philae, one of the most interesting cities of temples and palaces of Ancient Egypt. Philae is more than half under water, and can only be explored by boat. It was truly melancholy to observe the palm trees still raising their steadily perishing heads above the flood.

Our first visit to the Barrage contemporised with that of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who was in advance of our party, making a visit of inspection under the guidance of several engineers and Egyptian officials.

This is a truly colossal undertaking; the length of the dam across the great river seemed to me not much under a mile, and at the top wide enough for two carriages to pass each other. To see the water rushing through the numerous sluices on the lower side was truly impressive, and one could not but be filled with admiration for the great engineers by whom the whole was planned, and for the English contractors, Messrs. Lucas and Aird, who carried it into operation.

At Assouan there is a considerable population, and it is amusing and interesting to spend a morning wandering through the lanes of bazaars, with their inexhaustible stores of often really curious and fascinating wares, embroideries, Soudanese weapons, amber, gems, etc., to which the owners so earnestly invite inspection.

Luxor and the Soudan.

Apart from the desirability of getting into a warmer climate at this time, we were, naturally, all longing to visit the true centre of Egypt's antiquities—Thebes, with Luxor and Karnak. We therefore took the train for Luxor, where we arrived next morning, accompanied by our faithful Abdul, who

had engaged rooms for us at the "Luxor Hotel," the old original hostelry of the place, which is surrounded by charming shady gardens, and is to my mind more congenial than the larger and more modern hotel facing the Nile.

From this retreat, we first visited the adjacent splendid ruins of the Temple of Luxor, into which one could always stroll, and study in quiet its aisles of ancient columns, with carved capitals of varied designs, and its statues of long-departed Pharaohs. Next day, we crossed the Nile by ferry, and mounting our donkeys on the other side (a good road having some years before been made in honour of King Edward, when Prince of Wales), set out for the Valley of the Kings. This route, after passing the huge Colossi of Memnon, ascends a valley of some miles, ending in a lonely amphitheatre of red granite cliffs, in which is contained the vast assemblage of "tombs," so-called, but more correctly subterranean temple mausoleums, of the Pharaohs of past ages. I will not venture to attempt describing these, so well are they now known to most travellers. Until these mausoleums have been actually seen and explored, notably that containing the embalmed remains of Thothmes III, in its glass-covered coffin, it must ever be difficult to realise the magnitude of these strange and beautiful cachets.

This memorable expedition having been accomplished, we accompanied Lady Willcocks and our boys back as far as Port Said, on their compulsory departure for England. We lost no time, however, in returning ourselves, that is, my daughters and

myself, once more to Assouan, where, in view of the brightness and novelty of the scene, one could well be content to spend some time basking in warmth and sunshine.

It was then that the thought presented itself, what a serious mistake it would be not to take this opportunity of extending our travels into the Soudan, and visit Khartoum and Omdurman, the historic scenes of the days of Gordon and Kitchener! This involved a passage on one of Cook's admirable Nile boats, as far as Wadi Halfa, at the second cataract, about 300 miles further south, and from thence a journey of some 450 miles across the desert to Khartoum by rail. The project when suggested to my daughters was hailed with enthusiasm, and places were secured by the boat to leave the following week. As we expected to make only a week's outing, our luggage was of the lightest, which we were afterwards to have cause to regret. On embarking on the boat, we found, to our great satisfaction, as fellow passengers, not only our English friends, Sir E. and Lady S., but also some of more recent date, a Dutch Count and Countess, very charming people, with whom, as so often happens when travelling abroad, we had become intimate.

A really amusing, but what might have become a difficult, incident arose in this connection. On coming on the awning deck after luncheon on the second day, Lady S. found the Countess installed in one of the lounge chairs provided by the boat, but which it appeared the former had adopted as her

own personal appanage. Being a somewhat autocratic lady, accustomed to being treated with much consideration, Lady S. promptly claimed the chair as hers of right, the Countess at once courteously giving way. The matter was not, however, to end here. The Count, having apparently witnessed the incident, came up to me, hotly exclaiming, "She has insulted my wife!" This placed me in a position of some embarrassment, as not only did the Count regard my friend, Sir E., as responsible for his wife's action, but apparently expected me to intervene. I did my best to smooth matters over, but the Count refused to regard the incident as trivial, and expressed his determination to have an apology. Now, Sir E. is one of the least bellicose of men, and, in fact, exceptionally amiable, but also, unfortunately, absolutely deaf, so that when the Count went up and expounded his grievance, his arguments were entirely lost. He simply smiled, bowed in a friendly manner and walked away. He then took me aside, and said he really could not make out what was the matter! I explained that the Count was under the impression he had been insulted in the person of his wife by the action of Lady S. At this Sir E. laughed heartily, but did not appear to attach much importance to the incident. However, I was not to be let off at this point. The Count next came after me, and set out his point of view. "What," he said, "do you do in your country in a case like this?" I could only say that in England we should not take a matter of this kind so seriously, that, in fact, no insult was

really intended or thought of, and that a more amicable attitude was the proper course, suggesting that the matter might now, in my opinion, be allowed to pass. I added that if in England an insult was really perpetrated between gentlemen, some action might follow, such as cutting acquaintance, but that duelling was out of date, and, finally, Sir E. and Lady S., as well as himself and the Countess, being all friends of mine, I would prefer not to move further in the matter. With this, the Count had to be content, but was evidently far from satisfied. During the rest of our stay in Egypt my efforts were constantly directed to keeping my two friends, when of the company, as far apart as possible ; not always an easy matter, as we were all frequently taking part in the same expeditions, etc., and all the more so as Sir E. never really seemed to understand how troublesome the affair had been, and how nearly he had been to having to face the pistol at twenty paces !

From Wadi Halfa, a small collection of dwellings and official buildings with a mosque, on the western bank of the Nile just above the Cataract, the journey across the desert is a strange, indeed unique, experience. The line takes a more or less straight course through boundless expanses of sand and gravel, with slight rocky undulations and eminences, always without vegetation, except patches of thorny scrub from time to time, of often not over one and a half to two feet in height. As far as I remember, there are about ten numbered stations between Halfa and Khartoum, each in charge of native officials, whose

principal duty it is to replenish the engines with water as they arrive, from elevated iron tanks, which in their turn have, of course, to be kept supplied by the trains. This railway was constructed by Lord Kitchener in the course of his advance on Khartoum, at the rate of one mile a day. A telegraph wire is carried on the usual posts at regular distances, throughout the route, these being protected by iron battens up to about five feet from the ground. It seems remarkable that these posts and wires are, apparently, not interfered with by roving Arabs. The carriages are most comfortable, and every kind of blind is provided to exclude heat and dust, while admitting the daylight. Nevertheless, the dust will have its way, it being impossible to keep it out, and when one gets to the end of the journey there is but one outstanding necessity—a bath, hot, if possible.

Khartoum.

In due time we arrived at Khartoum Station which is not on the same side of the river as the town, and were conveyed across by steamer. We found comfortable rooms awaiting us at the Grand Hotel. This is quite a good hotel, with large rooms and shady verandahs and balconies, and no better testimony of what civilised government and a settled administration have effected, within ten years of the overthrow of the Mahdi and Khalifa chaos, could well be presented.

Our first duty, of course, was to leave cards at Government House, the Palace in which the

illustrious and undaunted General Gordon had been done to death by fanatic barbarians, some few years previously. The Sirdar or High Commissioner at this time was General Sir Reginald Wingate, a distinguished and exceptionally genial and attractive personality. On the day following, a ball was being given by him and Lady Wingate, to which we were duly invited. Having come away from Assouan without the amenities of evening dress, a situation of some perplexity was presented, especially for my daughters. The Earl of Sandwich, who was also a guest at the hotel, confided to me that he also was confronted with the same difficulty. However, by means of mutual effort, the necessary garments were borrowed temporarily, a kindly Greek Bank Manager allowing me the use of his coat for the evening, and in due course we found ourselves taking part in a brilliant gathering, chiefly of officers in uniform and their ladies. Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate were most gracious, the former showing me, among other historical mementos, a gruesome photograph of the late Khalifa and his bodyguard, as they lay on the desert sands in their self-determined deaths, having rejected all appeals to surrender.

On this occasion, we were introduced to Major-General Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha, then Governor General of the Soudan, who became thereafter really the most prominent figure in connection with our visit; from that time taking us under his special protection and guidance.

It will be remembered that Slatin Pasha had taken an active part, as Gordon's Lieutenant, in the

war against the Mahdi, the self-proclaimed Messiah of Islam in the Soudan, and had led the Egyptian forces in many a hard-fought conflict. Subsequently he had been repudiated by Gordon, on religious grounds, and on the death of the latter was made prisoner by the Khalifa, remaining in that lamentable state for no less a period than nine and a half years. The close friendship between Slatin and Wingate was primarily due to the fact that it was by means of the persistent and unremitting exertions of the latter, then Military Intelligence Officer for Egypt, that Slatin Pasha ultimately escaped from his long and incredibly miserable imprisonment. Slatin afterwards was able to serve under Lord Kitchener in the operations ending in the fall of Omdurman. He was of course of immense service in directing the final stages, in the capture of the Khalifa (the Mahdi's successor) and his immediate following, and in releasing the large number of prisoners still held by the tyrant. The details of these thrilling but tragic events need not now be recalled. It is sufficient to record that in the final battle at Kerreri, some miles from Khartoum the Khalifa's forces, hurling themselves time after time with the fury of fanaticism, against Lord Kitchener's trained Army, were defeated and destroyed, the number of killed being over forty thousand, on the plain within about seven miles of Omdurman.

The Khalifa and his bodyguard escaped, as fugitives for the time being, only to be shot down soon afterwards as before related.

Slatin was the author of two notable volumes: "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," and "The Life of Gordon," both of which are dramatically interesting and will fully repay perusal, but it was of greater interest still during our visit *to hear from himself the narratives of some of his strange experiences*, told with a humor and vivacity characteristic of this remarkable man.

On the morning following the ball at Government House, Abdul announced that "Saladin Pasha" had come to call and was below, and on looking over the balcony, there were three or four magnificent riding camels, of large size and with silky fawn-coloured coats, on one of which Slatin was seated. He immediately appeared on our verandah, and from that time were established cordial relations which have ever since been continued. Slatin placed himself and his camels at our disposal, and not only these, but shortly afterwards a smart American buggy, with wide flat wheel tyres, drawn by a white Arab horse, for my daughters to drive in round the town and neighbourhood.

He entertained us most hospitably at dinner to meet local persons of interest and arranged some expeditions in the neighbourhood, including one to "Gordon's Tree," some few miles across the desert on the banks of the Nile. We also attended the races, where were gathered the Governor and principal residents and their wives; in fact, all Khartoum society.

When later, the Great War broke out, Slatin being of Austrian nationality, a position of difficulty

unfortunately came about, and was followed by his retirement to his native country, abandoning all his offices and titles held under the British Government. Received by the best of English society for many years, and indeed recognised by Royalty itself, this must have been a heartbreaking trial. It is impossible to conceive that during the years when Austria was at war with Great Britain, Slatin's heart could have been otherwise than with those who had been his friends and comrades for over 20 years, and to whom he owed so much. It was, therefore, hardly necessary that he should have written me, after 1918, a pathetic letter, assuring me that he had never taken up arms against England, and that his war service in Austria had been chiefly confined to efforts to help and relieve British prisoners, as far as in his power.

At the time of our visit, Khartoum had in evidence all the elements of a fine town in the making, the sandy streets or roads being planned out in the form of the Union Jack. Half-way up the central avenue stands out the fine bronze monument of Gordon, seated on his camel, which it will be remembered was exhibited at Burlington House, and at the upper end the English Cathedral, with the Mohammedan mosque adjacent, as far as I remember, side by side.

On another main road is the University, founded by Kitchener, and referred to in Kipling's poem. This is attended by some hundreds of young Moslems. There is also the Museum, then presided over by Dr. Balfour, who showed me some rather remarkable objects. One of the subjects engaging the attention

of scientists was the extirpation of the mosquito, the carrier and distributor of the fever virus. The successful carrying out of this, it might be supposed, impossible idea seemed truly wonderful.

Talking to Dr. Balfour, I happened to mention that my daughter had been bitten by a mosquito at the Hotel. He looked grave, and said the matter must be enquired into at once. I found afterwards that officials had been sent down to the hotel, the premises being subjected to a thorough search, when at last a mosquito, presumably the guilty one, was actually found in a disused petrol can. The proprietor was summoned to the Mudir's (or Magistrate's) Court and fined 100 piastres (about £1), it being illegal to have vessels containing *water* lying about the premises. The proprietor was much annoyed, and reproached me for having reported an occurrence so much to the prejudice of his house, which affected me so deeply that I felt impelled to plead with the Mudir. In the result, that the fine was remitted, with an admonition.

This small incident is recalled as showing an efficiency of British administration in the Soudan in matters of detail, which can hardly fail to make a profound impression on the natives.

Omdurman, the native city, a "city" only in regard to population, lies on the bank of the Nile opposite to Khartoum, and is in some ways even more interesting to the European than Khartoum itself. A steam ferry keeps up communication between the two places. Omdurman has a native population, said to be of over 40,000. There are no buildings in the

ordinary acceptation of the word, excepting the mud-built "Mahdi's house"; no streets, no shops, no wheel traffic. It is simply an enormous aggregation of thatched huts, with open tracks over the original sand and granite, unlevelled and untraced, passing up and down in conformity with the natural level of the ground. As a further testimony to the completeness of the British Occupation and present pacific conditions in the Soudan, the garrison of Omdurman is confined to a single Soudanese Battalion, with four or five European officers.

Before the period of the Mahdi's rule, the Soudan population was supposed to be some eight millions, which became reduced by war and massacre to about two millions. Since the overthrow of Mahdism and the establishment of British rule, this has rapidly increased, and is already probably somewhere approaching the original numbers.

One may confidently pass through the labyrinth of habitations without molestation or any sign of hostility. The women crowd round, offering for sale bits of amber or other small articles, their faces full of smiles and apparent good nature. What the actual mentality is behind, or to what extent the benefits of emancipation from the former tyranny is understood and appreciated it is impossible to say. Certainly, these people seem content with present conditions. Keenly on the look-out for any possible indications of native feeling, I could only in one case detect what seemed a hostile regard; this was on the part of a Moslem, engaged in the manufacture of daggers. He certainly did seem to cast a malignant

scowl. Possibly he had some personal and far from pleasant recollections of encounters with the hated "Feringhee," in days gone by.

We, of course, visited the Mahdi's Tomb, a mud pile partially in ruin. At the moment of our visit a native woman prostrated herself in apparently reverential memory. In all probability, she did not know that Lord Kitchener, with his usual thoroughness, had scattered the ashes of the Mahdi over the waters of the Nile below. We next went to see the Mahdi's house, where he plotted and perpetrated his barbarities for so long. Its sole occupant was an old Moslem who had been the tyrant's personal attendant. He was covered with scars, how received he hardly himself now knew. He was communicative, and immediately invited us to partake of coffee, with an eye to the usual "backshish."

Our visit to these historic surroundings being now ended it became necessary to prepare for our journey homeward. We accordingly took the train back to Wadi Halfa, whence we returned to Cairo, in one of Messrs. Cook's steamers, this time all the way by river, visiting the many magnificent ancient temples and other objects of interest *en route*.

Many of these ancient and wonderful monuments of antiquity, it should be realised, are not by any means *ruins*. There stands out in memory the magnificent Temple of Edfu, the great chiselled stones of which, measuring some four or five feet in length by two or more in depth and thickness, elaborately carved over their whole surface with hieroglyphics and figures are in a state of

perfect preservation. Such structures, and there are many, in their massive grandeur and solitude are bewilderingly impressive, remaining to-day much as they stood from three to five thousand years ago.

Sitting on the terrace of the Luxor Hotel one day, my attention was attracted to a young Englishman who appeared strongly to resemble my son Hubert. As he was evidently alone, I lost no time in accosting him. It turned out that he was an officer of the Royal African Rifles, journeying home from somewhere on Lake Tanganyika in South-East Africa, by way of Uganda and the Nile. He must by this time have accomplished anything from 2,000 to 3,000 miles of his lonely pilgrimage, and proved to be the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, and had been inspecting posts of the Rifles, stationed along his route. We invited him to join our party next day to the Valley of the Kings, which he willingly agreed to do. This incident seemed to me an instructive example of the way in which the British Empire is kept alive through vast regions almost unexplored by the world in general. Here was a young man of twenty-five or so, apparently quite unescorted, passing through a great part of the African continent, a journey extending over many weeks, methodically visiting military posts *en route*, and hoping eventually to reach home by the Nile and Mediterranean, a feat which would probably never be heard of outside his own family. We met Dawnay afterwards in London, and when he dined with us in celebration of our meeting in

Egypt. Later on, this fine young Empire builder gave, like so many of his kind, his life for his country in the Great War, leaving family and friends to mourn an irreparable loss.

During our stay at Luxor we made the acquaintance of a well-known Arab dealer in antiques, by name Hadji Mohammed Mohassib, to whom I made frequent visits. The prenomen "Hadji" indicates a Moslem who has made the pilgrimage to the Prophet's Tomb at Mecca, and is thereby entitled to wear the green turban. Hadji Mohammed was, it appeared, extensively patronised by Sir Wallis Budge of the British Museum. He showed me a letter from the latter, which, after referring to various transactions, went on, "this now makes £3,000 I have paid you this year on account of purchases for the British Museum." Needless to say, I also made a few purchases of scarabs and other specimens of Egyptian antiques. These scarabs are valuable when genuine relics taken from mummies, their genuineness being more or less recognisable by their colour and composition, as well as by the "cartouches" engraved on the back. Spurious imitations, cleverly made in the country, and I am told also in Birmingham and Sheffield, are, however, sold by the thousand, at anything from one shilling upwards. A really good scarab is often worth from £8 to £10 or more.

Sitting in the hotel one evening, I was approached with much mystery by Abdul, who produced a gold ring, which he suggested I should do well to buy. He refused to reveal whence he had got it, but

assured me it was really a very valuable relic, the price asked for it being £50. On examining the ring, I formed the opinion that it was what was represented, but thought the transaction too important to be decided on off-hand. I, therefore, told him I would consider the matter. Next day, while visiting the Temple ruins, I saw the identical ring in the hands of a strange dragoman. He informed me that he was in the employ of two American ladies, who he believed intended to buy the ring, but were undecided as to the price. Finding the address of these ladies, I at once wrote to them that I also had the matter under consideration, pointing out that competition between us would greatly add to the eventual price, and asking that they should stand out of the negotiation till three o'clock in the afternoon. To this they courteously agreed, and in the end the ring became mine, and is now in my possession.

Later on, I submitted it to the inspection of Mons. Maspero, then Curator of the Museum at Cairo, who at once pronounced it to be undoubtedly a genuine antique. By the cartouche engraved on it, this ring appears to have been that of Amenhotep IV, known as the "Heretic King," afterwards called Khun-Aten, of the XVIIIth Dynasty, circa 1350 B.C., who established the worship of the Solar Disc and founded the City of Tel-el-Amarna, some 50 miles south of Thebes; to these ruins we paid a deeply interesting visit.

I must not fail to add that Amenhotep IV, otherwise known as Kuhn-Aten, the Amenophis of

the Greeks, was the Pharaoh preceding Tutankamen, the discovery of whose tomb, with its truly wonderful contents, by the late Lord Carnarvon is causing so much public interest at the present time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

America.

I HAVE always looked back with satisfaction upon my visits to the United States, an experience which no one should fail to indulge in if at all within the bounds of practicability. The whole atmosphere in America, psychological and indeed materially, is so different from that of Europe that new sets of ideas spring up, constituting a kind of mental awakening. It was in 1884 that my first connection with America began.

This was the result of Colonel Lamb's visit to this country as referred to in a previous chapter. Tall and thin, with a decided limp from a wound received early in the American War, the Colonel was a typical example of the "Southern" gentleman. He visited us at Blackheath, and some years later we were able to return the visit, in his home in Norfolk (Va.), of which town he had been Mayor several times. Among the historical objects at Norfolk are some old cannon balls embedded in the walls of the English Church, relics of the War of Independence.

The country round is very attractive, and in the course of a pleasant drive in the Colonel's buggy, one Sunday afternoon, we saw many coloured people, no longer slaves, but peasants with their own homes and gardens, and were merrily saluted by two young negresses in holiday attire of white muslin and wide red sashes, and withal (tell it not!) short black pipes in their mouths. The negroes are usually friendly in their attitude, like amiable

children. While no doubt preferring to lie basking in the sun, Colonel Lamb told me he regarded negro labour as quite satisfactory all round, which, in view of the old slave conditions of their ancestors, would hardly have been expected.

We crossed the Atlantic in the *Teutonic*, arriving in New York in April, having experienced a decidedly trying passage. After a few days we proceeded to Philadelphia, where we were cordially welcomed by the several friends with whom my firm had business relations. As typical of American hospitality in such cases, I will describe our reception by Colonel Baker and his friend, Mr. Temple, representing the Sterling Coal Company, of Philadelphia. Being met by these gentlemen at the station, we were conducted to our hotel, where rooms had been engaged. After a brief interval, we were next taken to a large restaurant and entertained at dinner. A carriage was next in attendance, for a drive of some miles round the Park, notwithstanding that darkness had long set in. By the time all this had been accomplished, it need hardly be added, we were quite ready to retire to rest.

Next morning, a present of cut roses arrived, and by 11 o'clock Colonel Baker's mother called upon my wife, a programme for the day having been arranged for visiting the "Stores," picture galleries, etc., with a party of other lady friends. Such is an outline of American hospitality, which is sometimes almost embarrassing in its amazing energy.

Shortly afterwards, we set out for Virginia, my object being to visit the Pocahontas Coalfield,

by rail from Norfolk. Mr. Castner was my companion on the trip, my wife not proceeding further west than a small town named Roanoke, where she found in the hotel quite a comfortable resting place pending my return. The leading hotels in these parts, I may incidentally mention, were furnished by Maple of London, somewhat to our surprise.

Arrived in the coal district, Mr. Castner and I took rooms in the local hotel, and were about to settle down, when we received a visit from the Manager of the colliery company, who insisted on our proceeding to his house some half a mile distant, to dine and stay the night. There were ten or a dozen collieries working under the Company, and, consequently, a large local community of white managers and their families; the actual mining work being performed by negroes, or "coloured people," as they are invariably called.

While spending a pleasant evening, at whist I think, about 10 o'clock our host's son burst into the room, announcing that the negro miners in large numbers were making an attack on the hotel which we had lately left, as was fully confirmed by our now hearing repeated and continuous firing. The young man filled a bag with revolvers and ammunition, and disappeared into the night. This was a little agitating for us as visitors and strangers, but we congratulated ourselves on at least not being in the hotel which was being thus fusilladed. Our host advised us to remain quite passive, as it was not a matter in which we had any concern.

The firing continued for some time, the flashes being clearly visible across the intervening hollow, but presently died out. We then retired to bed, doubtful whether to take off our clothes, and not quite knowing whether our present abode might not be the next object of attack.

However, the night passed without further disturbance. Next morning, we mounted horses and proceeded to investigate the occurrence. Meeting the local doctor, he gave us the following explanation. It appeared that a black miner, accused of having insulted a white woman (a frequent cause of trouble in the Southern States), had been arrested and lodged in durance in the hotel. The coloured community, fearing one of those summary " lynchings " too common in those parts, determined on a rescue—hence the attack on the hotel, which was in fact riddled with revolver bullets. The doctor himself, in the end, had brought about a peaceful solution the previous night, having, after consulting the other white residents, given the attacking party an undertaking that the accused man should receive a fair trial at the nearest magistrate's court, some 20 miles distant, and that no amateur proceedings would be resorted to.

Mr. Castner and myself had been invited to meet the other colliery managers that day at lunch. There were eight or ten of these gentlemen present. The conversation (after a *recherché* repast and a flow of champagne) naturally turned on the occurrences of the night before, and a spirit of subdued excitement somewhat naturally prevailed. Some of

those present did not hesitate to asseverate their view that order and security in the district would not be assured until some of the "darkies" had been "strung-up." In the discussion, being a visitor and a "Britisher," I, of course, took no part, until one of those present turned to me and asked point blank for my views on the situation. After some deliberation, I answered that it seemed to me that what had occurred arose entirely from a want of confidence on the part of the coloured people, in the local administration of justice, since, as soon as they had received the assurance, on which they felt they could rely, of a fair trial, they refrained from further hostile action. This expression was, I thought, not very cordially received, being interpreted no doubt as a reflection upon local conditions. However, my opinion had been invited, and I felt I could do no other than frankly give expression to it, for what it was worth.

On our return to Roanoke, I found my wife quite well and entirely free from anxiety. Nothing had been heard of the incidents described, the hotel people having very considerately withheld all newspapers of less than a fortnight old; those of a later date having, unaccountably as it must have seemed, ceased to arrive.

It was now approaching the season of summer and we found the weather in Virginia becoming hot, which decided us on giving up all idea of going further South, to New Orleans as I had hoped to do. My wife indeed narrowly escaped sunstroke, at the railway junction of Lynchburg, where we had

to change, and to walk a considerable distance in the sun to another station. Remembering my old Indian experiences of the tropics, in similar conditions, I promptly conveyed her into the station lavatory and there copiously douched the back of the head and neck with cold water, a course of treatment which proved effective.

We lost no time in turning our faces Northwards, and in the course of a week or so found ourselves in Canada, on the Falls of Niagara. Thence we proceeded to a charming resort named Alexandria Bay, on Lake Ontario, not far from Toronto, in the region known as "the Thousand Isles." This is indeed a delightful resort for the summer months. Whether the picturesquely wooded rocky islands number a thousand or not, certainly they appear to be practically unlimited in number. Many of them are occupied by handsome villas, residences the property of wealthy people in Montreal, New York, Chicago, etc., who come in the summer for change and recreation, fishing in the Lake, or roaming in the forests on the mainland. It is difficult to exaggerate the charm of days spent floating placidly in the sunshine through these lovely scenes, catching bass and other excellent fish, by way of pastime. We would set out in the morning and paddle till lunch time, when a landing would be made, and luncheon, prepared by our trapper guide, enjoyed until the cruise was resumed.

After a couple of months spent on the American Continent we again crossed the Atlantic, homewards,

and in due time arrived safely at our quiet cottage on Earlswood Common, some time in July. I remember being disagreeably impressed by the dull, cold sunlessness of the English summer of that year, as specially shown in the garden, our geraniums, etc., all with curled brown leaves, instead of the bright coloured blooms to which we had been looking forward, altogether so greatly in contrast with the sunny scenes from which we had so lately come, and been revelling in on the other side of the Atlantic.

My next visit to America was some years later, in 1897, my companion on that occasion being my brother-in-law Robert Gray. As before, the warmest of welcomes was given us. This time it was in September, and while we were at the Waldorf Astoria in New York the thermometer registered 108 degrees in the large vestibule, a temperature I had never before experienced, even in Madras, and the moisture positively dripped from one's fingers while writing.

The next and last occasion was, when our family party being again established at Invermarkie Lodge, in, I think, 1910, and it being found, after consultation with the keepers, that in view of backward conditions on the moors, shooting might with advantage be postponed for two or three weeks, I decided to cross the Atlantic and visit our American friends once more. Meeting with the usual hearty reception, I again put up at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Being invited by a friend, Mr. Watkins, to visit his country house at Scranton, Pennsylvania,

some 100 miles off, we duly arrived there for lunch, next day.

Here I met Mrs. Watkins and their daughter, in a charming home surrounded by trees, and beautifully kept shrubberies. After lunch, I felt inclined only for a quiet talk and rest, but behold, a motor run had been arranged for, to see the country, and for the next two or three hours was whirled over hill and dale.

Next day, I had to proceed by train to Philadelphia, having left my valet at New York, with instructions to join me at the former city. When I did meet him, he presented a very dejected appearance, and on being questioned, told me that after I had left New York he had gone out for a walk in the streets. He had been accosted by a stranger, who, in apparently the kindest manner, proposed they should go and see some of the sights. Shortly afterwards, they were joined by a second stranger, and it was proposed, the weather being very hot, that they should now have some refreshment. Entering a saloon of some kind, they sat down in a corner, drinks were ordered, when they were joined by a third man, apparently a friend of the others. This was all my poor lad could remember, except that some time afterwards having apparently been asleep, he found himself alone, and his money and other belongings vanished.

On telling his story to the hotel people, all they could say was that it was lucky he had not been made away with altogether, having been so easily imposed upon by "dopers."

Experience is a forcible teacher, and I hardly think my young valet would be likely again to fall a victim to the advances of the insidious stranger.

I now found myself staying once more with old friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Bullitt, in their country house some miles from Philadelphia. Next day being Sunday, Mr. Bullitt and I walked over to a very pretty church about a mile off, and after service, to the house of our other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Castner, for lunch. I had become much overheated, and sitting afterwards in the wide breezy verandah, contracted a severe chill, which took a relentness hold of me, so that when I embarked for home at New York, some days later, I was in the hands of the doctor. Our ship was the ill-fated Cunard Liner *Lusitania*, the name of which will for ever be associated with the inhuman German outrage, by which, with over 1,200 passengers, many of them women and children, she was sunk off the Irish coast. This atrocity, it will be remembered, the Germans were so proud of as to strike a medal in its celebration. Thus can War pervert the heart of even the highly cultured and civilised man. This medal, we are told, was afterwards distributed among the children in the National Schools of Germany.

On reaching England, being still *hors de combat*, shooting for the rest of the season was out of the question. I got as far as Aberdeen, but instead of going on to Invermarkie, where the rest of the family were expecting my return, I retired to the hotel, sent for the doctor, and my next move was to

the Northern Nursing Home, where I remained for some weeks before returning South.

The fact had now to be recognised, that visits to the United States, at any rate in the summer months, are best suited to the vigorous and hardy, especially having regard to the super-energetic hospitality of our American friends.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Shooting in Scotland.

In August, 1901, I took a shooting in Scotland for the season, Craigton, near Lennoxtown, about 16 miles from Glasgow. The house was quite a mansion, built by a relative of the then owner, Mr. Dun Waters, at a cost of some £40,000, beautifully situated, and exceptionally well furnished. I well remember the fine view of Ben Lomond, some 20 miles away, from the billiard-room window, reminding one of the Jungfrau from Interlaken. The shooting was not particularly good, though there was a grouse moor of some 2,000 acres, and also a considerable number of black game, partridges, and some wild pheasants. The scenery on all sides was delightful, and with such excellent house accommodation we were able to welcome visits from quite a number of the family relations as well as other friends. We had a very good time, and prolonged our stay till well into November.

The farm bailiff-keeper, John Hunter by name, was a good sportsman, and he and I became great friends. A feature of the farm was breeding Highland sheep, considerable importance attaching to the rams, for the sake of their wonderful heads with curled horns. One day walking with Hunter, we passed one of these animals, with a really splendid head. I remarked, "If anything should happen to that fellow, I should greatly like to possess his head."

A few days afterwards, Hunter came to me and said, "Yon ram's *deed* and I've kept his *heed* for ye!" Something, indeed, had happened to the poor beast. In the end, I sent the head to a well-known firm in Glasgow, who converted it into a very fine snuff mull, an ornament which was much in vogue for the sideboards of Scottish Lairds and Highland Regimental Messes. Having kept this for some years, and the son of my friend, General Sir James Willcocks, having joined the "Black Watch," I presented it, after being completely restored, to him for the Regimental Mess, which I trust it may still grace.

I was so much taken with Craigton as an autumn resort that for a time I rather seriously thought of buying the place, which was being offered for sale by the owner on tempting terms, but was dissuaded from the idea, on the grounds that the money might be otherwise more profitably invested. Besides, it was quite doubtful that the family or myself would wish to be under the obligation of visiting Craigton *every* year. This was not long in being proved, for the very next year our destination for the shooting season was completely changed.

Through the introduction of my brother-in-law and dear friend, Dr. Gray, we were brought into communication with the resident proprietor of the Invermarkie Estate, on the Deveron, about eight miles from Huntly, Aberdeenshire. Huntly held a sentimental attraction for me, being the neighbourhood in which my early childhood had been spent, and further, within an hour or two from Aberdeen,

the home of my brother-in-law. I accordingly made an expedition to Invermarkie, called on Mrs. Geddes, in her handsome home, "Blairmore," and finding everything highly attractive, arranged to take the shootings of Blairmore, adjoining those of Invermarkie, for the following season, with the comfortable Farm Lodge appertaining to it. There was a second shooting on the Estate, of a rather more important character, held at the time, and for some years previously, by Mr. Morgan, the eminent surgeon attached to the Charing Cross Hospital, an agreeable neighbour. This was the beginning of a long connection with the property. On Mr. Morgan's giving up his tenancy, I became his successor, and we regularly resorted to Invermarkie Lodge for about ten years, while Mrs. Geddes has, ever since our first meeting, become an attached friend of the family.

I was much attracted also by her husband, then living, Alexander Geddes, a man of powerful physique as well as benevolence of character. For some years he had been in business in Chicago and Canada, and succeeded in making a moderate fortune, with which he determined to buy the "Blairmore" Estate, on which he had been born, a farmer's son. His ambition had been to bring the Estate up to modern conditions. New buildings (or "steadings" as they were called) had been built on the various farms, machinery introduced and everything brought up to date, including considerable tree-planting on previously unproductive land. Needless to say, such a landlord was highly esteemed by his

tenants, as well as by all who knew him. He was one of the four sons, the youngest I think, of a small farmer on the property. The latter was blind, but being of literary tastes, his mind was kept cultivated by his daughters, who used to read to him aloud from a well-stocked library. Of the other sons, all of whom had had the advantage of a Scottish University education, the eldest became Sir William Geddes, Principal of the Aberdeen University; the second attained a high position in the Indian Civil Service, I believe as Commissioner of Oudh. In Canada, Alexander Geddes became associated with Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen, the latter having been in early youth a farm boy on the Invermarkie Estate, while Strathcona spent his early days assisting in a small shop kept by an old lady in Dufftown. Both of these eminent men, the founders of the Canadian Pacific Railway, invited Geddes, as he told me, to throw in his lot with them in their colossal enterprise. He felt, however, that to embark thus his whole capital, which would have been necessary, involved a greater risk than he was justified in taking. Mr. Geddes' fine physique has been mentioned above, and I remember an instance in which this was shown. Getting a cottage piano from Aberdeen, great difficulty was found in introducing it into our small farm drawing-room. Geddes, however, brushed the men aside, and taking up the piano in both arms, safely deposited it in the place where it was intended to stand.

I have always thought the story of the Geddes family a striking illustration of the way in which

Scotchmen, aided by education combined with their own forceful characteristics, are able, from small beginnings, to achieve positions of distinction in every part of the world. The Scottish character is essentially practical, and is never too proud to accept frankly and with goodwill a subordinate position in the first instance, while the Englishman so often does this reluctantly, and often, as it were, under protest.

Our annual visits to the North, where we were brought into contact with Nature under the most favourable conditions, with freedom to roam over the moors amid fine scenery of hill and dale, and in the purest air, were always a source of great delight and benefit to us all. In the first week in August, in preparation for "the Twelfth," all our arrangements would be in full swing. A party of usually 14 or 15, it amounted to a migration, and even the railway managers competed for our support. We rather favoured the greatest of English railways, the London and North Western, and engaged one of their fine "family saloon" cars, with one large and three smaller compartments, to take the whole party and our impedimenta. Leaving Euston at 8.30 p.m., we would be deposited in Aberdeen at 7.30 next morning. Once or twice, we even boarded our carriage at the adjacent Earlswood Station, going through London and under the Thames by the East London Railway. This, however, involved sometimes a long wait at Liverpool Street, and we preferred, on the whole, changing at London Bridge and using the Company's private "buses" to Euston.

Arrived at Aberdeen, the whole party would proceed to the Palace Hotel, where a good Scotch breakfast was provided, going on afterwards to Huntly, and arriving at our destination before noon.

One of the charms of a Scotch "shoot" is the opportunity afforded of entertaining one's friends, either for sport or for the holiday. Of late years, the system of walking up game with setters —always preferred by the old sportsmen—has become quite obsolete, and several guns are necessary to fill the line of butts for driven grouse, a sport considered perhaps one of the most attractive in the world. The party starts early in the day, in a well-filled wagonette, to a point nearest the moor, and then sets out on foot for the butts, the beaters having been sent off to their posts beforehand. About midday, the ladies arrive for lunch, on the heather if the weather is suitable, or otherwise in a comfortable wood-lined hut, especially built for such occasions. Cheery and happy were these gatherings, every one being bent on enjoying themselves, with endless stories, goodwill and fun. One can never look back upon them without pleasure.

My Head-keeper, at Invermarkie, whom I much liked, William Murray, was a good sportsman, a muscular kindly man, previously in the Police Force. On his wife presenting him with a fine boy, out of compliment to me, he had the young hopeful christened with my *full* name in addition to his surname. When the war came, of course, all thought of shooting was suspended, and the grouse

were left to their own resources, with, I may say, considerable detriment to the health of the birds and the value of the moors. Murray, of course, joined up, and entered the Royal Field Artillery. I had several interesting accounts from him of his harrowing experiences. What he hated most of all was the *mud* of Flanders, and it gave me real satisfaction to send him a pair of long rubber boots. In the end, he was terribly wounded, but was brought home to the hospital in Glasgow, where after some months' treatment he finally recovered and was able to take up a situation as Keeper with Sir Peter Lumsden, near Dufftown.

We had very pleasant neighbours besides Mrs. Geddes and her family, including the parish Minister, Mr. Ross, and his sisters, and, needless to say, we all became Presbyterians *for the time being*, and regularly attended the parish kirk. A valued neighbour during the season was Sir Frederick Bridge, organist for many years at Westminster Abbey, who presented an excellent organ to the church, and frequently performed on it, to the great delight of the parishioners, who would crowd from far and near to form the audience on such occasions. Sir Frederick and I always shot together on the "Twelfth," and spent an enjoyable day on the moor, chatting together in mutual sympathy. He was a good sportsman, cheery and sympathetic, and of a truly benevolent and kindly disposition.

Sir Frederick's own "shoot" was Cairnborrow, on the Deveron, about three miles nearer Huntly. He and Lady Bridge were keen salmon fishers, and

many a fine fish did they take out of the river, to their intense delight.

The shooting party on the adjoining estate of Beldornie, during at least two seasons, was composed of very congenial people, Sir George Dallas, his brother-in-law, Sir George Welby, General Sir Savage Mostyn, and Colonel Root. With these friends, we were able to concert "driving" days, they shooting one day on with us, while we, perhaps, the following week on the Beldornie Moor, the bag being divided on each occasion. Much of the success and enjoyment of the moors depends on such conditions, and one finds the difference, where the parties on adjoining or adjacent moors are less congenial and amenable.

It was during one of our visits to Invermarkie that the idea suggested itself of establishing a local club for miniature rifle shooting. Opposite the Lodge on the other side of the river, which was crossed by a footbridge, was a level stretch of ground, backed by a steep hill side, which thus offered a suitable range. The keeper, Murray, a capital shot himself, was highly in favour of the proposal. Accordingly the Central Miniature Rifle Association was communicated with, rifles and ammunition obtained, and some 30 of the local people quickly joined. Some capital practice was made, encouraged by prizes and small entertainments, contributed by the shooting tenants, and the Invermarkie Club became a great success, our initiative being soon taken up throughout the surrounding districts.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The German Tourists and Others before the War.

In the Spring of 1914 we decided to pay a visit to the Italian Riviera. The party consisted of my wife, our daughter Isabel and myself. We arrived in due course at the Santa Margharita Hotel from Genoa, about 10 p.m. On entering the lounge hall we found ourselves in a strongly lighted atmosphere thick with cigar smoke and guttural voices. The latter were momentarily stilled on our appearance, and we at once became the focus of some twenty pairs of eyes bearing upon us without the slightest indication of welcome. The visitors in the hotel seemed to be entirely German, which we afterwards found to be the case at almost every resort on the Riviera, Italian or French.

Looking back on that evening in the light of later events, the impression has always been disagreeable, while our subsequent tours provided experiences of a similar kind. Walking along the coast road, whether to Porto Fino on the one side or to Rapallo on the other, the blatant voice of the German tourist would be in evidence often before the speakers came in view. At Mentone, these voices could be heard from one side of the road to the other. The worst of it was, too, that any attempt to cultivate relations of ordinary civility with these people was apt to be met in an unfriendly spirit, which at the time appeared quite unaccountable.

The question thus arises: what was the foundation of this attitude? Were these German fellow-tourists cognisant of a menacing international situation, and of developments in progress towards the terrible events of the not distant future? Less than five months later, England and Germany were actually at war. Had the ordinary English traveller then been told that such would be the case, I venture to believe the statement would have been regarded as incredible and absurd. Were these Germans better informed? Certainly, they bore themselves with a most unpleasing arrogance. On one occasion, at the Grand Hotel, Bellagio, a gentleman was basking in the morning sun on a seat on the terrace. Wishing to do the same, I approached and wishing a friendly "good-morning," seated myself at the other end. To my astonishment, I not only encountered an angry denial in German of any knowledge of English (which, of course, is very unusual with Germans of culture and position), but the stranger rudely turned his back towards me.

I do not think that before the War actually burst upon us, there was any general sentiment of unfriendliness on the part of the English towards Germans individually, certainly I remember nothing like hostility. German manners and voices may not have been regarded with favour, but this was probably more due to resentment at their rudeness towards ourselves, and their rejection of friendly overtures such as described above.

For many years I had myself been on friendly and indeed intimate terms with a German gentle-

man in London, originally from Bremen, but naturalised in this country for over 25 years. In fact, I was his tenant, occupying a part of his office premises in the City, for over 10 years. On more than one occasion, I suggested to him that appearances seemed to indicate that Germany was contemplating some day making an attack upon this country. He always scouted the idea as out of the question and existing only in the minds of newspaper writers. After the War had broken out, I asked: "Well, what do you think now? You told me there could be no possibility of war with Germany." He answered emphatically, "I did think so. I never believed in such a possibility. It appeared to me Germany had already everything she required, and that there was nothing to go to war about."

I felt much for this German friend, and I still believe him to have been perfectly sincere. His attitude now became one of deep depression. He was a rich man, of an old Bremen family, his elder brother being a personal friend (so-called) of the then Kaiser, and, indeed, somewhat strained relations existed between him and his family in Germany owing to his naturalisation.

On one occasion, when planning a visit to Germany, this gentleman proposed that I should make the passage, with my daughter, in the North German Lloyd steamer leaving Plymouth for Bremen. I acquiesced, and he decided to accompany us, bringing also his daughter with him. The Kaiser's suite of rooms on board, lined with pink silk and richly

furnished, was assigned to me, and the best accommodation reserved at the hotel in Bremen. I must say our visit was made as pleasant as possible. We received much kindness and hospitality on all sides in local circles. This extended to a Sunday luncheon party at a well-known resort some miles lower down the Weser. On this occasion, much excellent Rhine wine was drunk and many speeches made, in the course of which I was toasted as a representative Englishman. On being called upon to reply, I felt the position to be rather delicate, there being really no reason why a private individual should be thus prominent on such an occasion. I, therefore, confined myself to pleasant words, referring to the vigour and enterprise of the German people, especially in connection with shipping, remarking that any rivalry which might exist between the two nations would only be due to the strenuous characteristics of both, which after all must be beneficial for the advantage of world civilization ; or friendly words to that effect.

There was at that time undoubtedly a feeling of misgiving in the British Mercantile mind in regard to the giant strides of Germany in commerce and shipping, and the competition with British interests thus created. As witness, the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-Amerika Companies, with their splendid Atlantic liners, extending their activities into every part of the world, and the increasing share of the world's trade which Germany was steadily absorbing. It was indeed not an uncommon remark that Germany had only to continue this progress for another 10 years, and British trade

would be left a long way behind. At the same time, no reasonable Englishman would have desired or expected that these conditions should bring about War between the two countries, or regard such a result justified, while they might indeed be supposed to afford very good reasons why Germany should *not* desire such a consummation.

Mr. M.'s favourite pastime was driving four-in-hand, in fact, he evidently wished to follow as far as possible the habits of the English gentleman. He built a charming country house in the Tudor style, having a beautiful view over the weald of Kent and Sussex, and there no doubt he hoped to spend his remaining days, surrounded by his family and friends. When War broke out, he was one of those naturalised Germans in London who signed the Protest declaring loyalty to the country of their adoption, and the entire absence of sympathy with the militarist irruption of that of their birth. In the end, however, the progress of events became too much for most of these unfortunate people. They found themselves placed by circumstances beyond their control, between Scylla and Charybdis, tabooed on one side by their own people in Germany, and on the other regarded with suspicion in England. English friends after a while dropped away, and as the War went on, German ruthlessness and the remorseless destruction of innocent women and children on the broad seas, wounded and dying heroes and their nurses sunk in hospital ships, besides the endless brutalities of the War zone ; under such conditions, it was no longer possible that our people should continue friendly relations with a nationality

perpetrating these horrors. The normal hostility common to War became embittered, and gradually intensified into rage and fury. Germans and Austrians, and those of other hostile nationalities, were thus expelled from English Clubs and Exchanges, and even those actually naturalised in this country were thus shunned and ignored. Nothing could have been more calculated to fan the wrath of the English people than the insensate "songs of hate," etc., current in Germany among all classes, or incidents such as the actual moulding of a medal commemorating the sinking of the *Lusitania*, previously referred to.

Conditions such as the above were naturally intolerable to Germans living in this country. My quondam friend M., after trying to hold up his head for a time, finally gave up the struggle, and it was without surprise that I saw shortly afterwards the announcement of his death. I must confess now to a feeling of regret when I recall having refused, on one occasion, the personal appeal of his wife for the continuation of the former relations of friendship between our families, at a time when feelings ran highest, an appeal which I felt it impossible in loyalty to my own country and people to comply with.

Such is War! Must we not wistfully enquire whether it is to be the heritage of mankind to the end?

Surely, it should be the determination of every Christian man and woman to promote by every means and to the utmost all efforts, by the League of Nations or whatever other agency, an answer in the negative to this fateful question!

CHAPTER XXX.

The Great War.

It is difficult to analyse the feelings with which it was first realised that war with Germany had actually been declared, on the violation by the latter of the Belgian Frontier. There is no doubt the first impulse was a kind of satisfaction and relief. The Government had undoubtedly behind it the nation at large, and had Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet held back, there would, I think, have been a popular outburst of rage and humiliation. And yet, the most calamitous crisis in all our history had come. We were in no way prepared for War. The Government, with presumably a majority of the electors supporting it, had steadfastly refused to pay heed to those who had appealed for the strengthening of our National Defence Forces. Even Lord Roberts' great tour through all the principal centres of population, demanding an immediately enlarged army, had been disregarded. Worse still, the Government had even reduced the Cavalry and Artillery, and the country was in a hopelessly defenceless position, as far as the land forces were concerned. The Kaiser was really justified in speaking of the Expeditionary Force we were able to send to France in terms of contempt, so far as numbers were concerned, in comparison with his limitless hordes of trained troops, the result of the long premeditated German onslaught.

In regard to the Navy, of course, conditions were happily otherwise. It was by far the most powerful in the world, and what is more, in a state of complete readiness, and afforded the only possible ground for the refusal of the Government to provide the nation with an army. The story of the Fleet mobilisation in July, 1914, its mysterious disappearance on August 3rd, and the part played in those events by Prince Louis of Battenberg and Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty at the time, as told by the latter in his recently published book, I need not dwell upon.

The astonishing awakening of the people of this country and the Colonies which followed the Declaration of War, and the subsequent unflinching enthusiasm among all classes, will be recorded in history. The general idea probably was that the War would not last more than six months, or at the most a year, as was also the expectation announced by the German Emperor himself at Berlin. As time went on, it was obvious that our Expeditionary Force was being steadily annihilated, while months must elapse before an Army adequate to the occasion could be raised and trained. Enthusiasm, however, never quailed. From every city, town, village and hamlet, men came forward and joined up, ignoring every obstacle.

From the first, everything was changed, and old conditions steadily disappeared. Some of the more thoughtless at first tried to repudiate this, and here and there notices were actually posted outside shops, etc., such as "Business as Usual."

This was absurd! Grim reality was upon us. People went about with set but resolute faces. No shrinking, but an expression there could be no mistaking. A terrible and sinister activity became more and more in evidence on all sides. Men in khaki, singly or in batches, were everywhere, route marches on every road, with or without bands. On commons and parks, lines of barrack huts, concrete flats for gun mounts, sentinelled enclosures, masses of tethered horses, the constant roar of aeroplanes overhead, all evidenced a new atmosphere, in which national pride and patriotic enthusiasm grew higher every day.

Troops were billeted everywhere, and one of our real pleasures was entertaining officers or men, all of them cheery and confident. Some of the officers one longed to retain as permanent friends, but alas! they were hardly ever again met with after disappearing into the awful vortex. One C.O. of an Essex Battalion among those entertained asked us to visit his camp at Shoreham, near Brighton. This we did, inspecting the commissariat and other arrangements. The men were to bivouac on the Downs that night, and it was comforting to note the "rashers" of bacon prepared for their next morning's breakfast.

Soon after came the news of this gallant Colonel being killed in France. Thus it was with thousands, and such tragedies were soon of daily occurrence.

The one grim sentiment on all sides was *to do something* to help in this terrible and unprecedented situation. Recruiting was the first and main busi-

ness, to arm the recruits the next. When battalions were formed and the men gathered at the depôts, they were unprovided with uniforms, arms, or even blankets. Private citizens were appealed to on all sides, promptly responding to the utmost of their ability. Lord Roberts asked for saddles and bridles—every private stable poured them forth. Field glasses, it was the same. I remember going to Purfleet to see new recruits being drilled, one of them my footman. There they were, marching through the mud, with broomsticks in lieu of rifles in the meantime. No rifles in reserve, and yet an Army had to be created, every man was invited to join, and the Army grew, even more quickly than those in authority could equip and train it.

One afternoon, two officers came down from the War Office, and called upon me to organise a Recruiting Committee forthwith for the Reigate and Redhill District. Accordingly, armed with this authority, I immediately sent out a circular inviting the most prominent resident in each of the surrounding parishes to join this body, and make every effort in the work of bringing in recruits. The Committees then met regularly at the Market Hall, Redhill, to receive reports of the progress made in each locality. In the end, these efforts resulted in many thousand men being raised in our immediate district. This was, however, nothing accounted of in those days!

I have always since regretted, that in responding to the call of these officers, I had not asked for authority *in writing* to undertake the duty indicated.

Had this been done, much unpleasantness would probably have been avoided. It gradually dawned on me afterwards, that I was regarded as encroaching upon the province of the Lord Lieutenant, the authority vested with the military organisation of the County. He should have been first communicated with; but zeal and enthusiasm ran high, and "up and doing" seemed the sole consideration, hence this had been overlooked.

It should be stated that when recruiting came to an end, I received from the officers at the Guildford Headquarters responsible for recruiting on our side of the County, letters of thanks and cordial appreciation of what had been done by our Committee.

The time came at length when voluntary recruiting would no longer meet the tremendous call for men. The War Office, in the person of Lord Kitchener, was implored to adopt Compulsory Service. This was steadily refused, while time was being lost. Lord Kitchener went so far as at last to issue a Circular Letter to Recruiting Committees, requesting to be informed as to the specific answers given by men now refusing to join up voluntarily. Our Committee replied that most commonly the answers were that "They were not going to offer themselves, because they did not believe they were wanted, but *would come when they were fetched.*" Not being ordered to join, they did not believe they would be needed. A very natural and reasonable position.

A meeting of Chairmen in Surrey was afterwards invited by the War Office to meet at Guildford a

General sent down to make enquiries. Some twelve or more were present. It was strongly represented by them that voluntary efforts were no longer of any avail, indeed, that it was becoming humiliating to continue imploring unwilling men to join, etc. The General Officer heard our statements, and finally gave the following considered reply. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have listened with interest to all you say, and am personally in agreement with you, but I must inform you definitely that *under no circumstances will the Government* resort to Compulsory Military Service." To this chilling announcement there was nothing for it but submission to the decision of our masters!

Eventually, however, the Government, as will now be remembered, abandoned this position, having become convinced of the necessity of compulsion. Temporising plans, like that of Lord Derby's, were tried and exhausted, until finally, effective measures were adopted throughout the Kingdom (Ireland excepted) to bring to the Colours every fit man of suitable age who could not show sufficient cause for claiming exemption from service. Tribunals were appointed in every Municipality presided over by the Mayor. Lists were prepared of all not serving, and meetings were held weekly to consider all cases individually, and examine into the circumstances of each.

I sat on the Reigate District Tribunal from its initiation up to the end, and must say nothing could well be more trying than having to decide against appeals often in really pathetic circumstances.

The breaking up of a home or a business, a sick wife, a dependent aged mother, were pleas which nothing short of the sternest sense of duty could justify being set aside. Businesses were broken up, and families deprived of their nearest and dearest. *Such is war*, and what it meant to Great Britain will only be properly understood when it is realised that, as was stated by Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister throughout this period, that first and last, out of a population of some 45 millions (including children) eight millions of men were thrown into the conflict, resulting in the sacrifice of one million of these precious lives.

The long drawn-out anxiety and mental and nervous strain of the four and-a-half years of this period, will haunt the memories of this generation to the end. The latest telegrams from the various fronts, with the maps published by the newspapers, formed day by day the first subject of concentration, and were scrutinised with intense interest. The awful losses in the casualty lists constituted a constant predominant obsession. Hardly a day, without the loss by this family or that, of a son or brother, many *only* sons, often more than one son. Our Lord Lieutenant, Lord Ashcombe, himself, was deprived of three sons, blow after blow. And yet we were not really allowed to know *all*. The unhappy set-back of March, 1918, when we lost some 100,000 men, never became fully public, the details being kept back, perhaps wisely. Nevertheless, during the whole period of the War, so far as my recollection serves,

there was no apparent doubt as to the issue. Through the sustaining power granted, no thought but of certain ultimate victory ever seemed to enter the British mind, from one end of the land to the other. The possibility of defeat was never for a moment entertained. The worst, it was universally believed, that could happen were losses to be endured. Surely here was a national faith which could never before have been paralleled. The foundation of this attitude obviously was the conviction that the Cause was just, and that there was no alternative but to fight to the end for Right and Freedom, and that, trusting in God, we could "never be confounded"!

Hence, the ungrudging gladness on all sides to be allowed the privilege of responding to every call, and of complying with every regulation or restriction. Nothing of the latter kind was complained of in any decent circle. What would arouse indignation was that any should thoughtlessly disregard the rules. Having on one occasion heard that on Deeside (Aberdeenshire), in South Wales and in the North of England, there were people living apparently regardless of food rations, nothing could exceed our indignation; letters were written to *The Times* on the subject. The rationing restrictions appeared to prevail more strictly in London and the Home Counties than in the Provinces. Through the mercy of Divine Providence, these things are now of the past.

About this time, large numbers of refugees from Belgium streamed into this country, through Folke-

stone, and it became a question of arranging for their accommodation and maintenance. There was a set of rather comfortable rooms at the Mount outside, and here we were able to install a Belgian middle class widow and her daughters, who stayed with us for something over two years. By this time Societies had been established in London for looking after these unfortunate people, and one of these was in the end only too pleased to take the little family off our hands.

We had also Colonial officers staying with us from time to time. One of these, a young Australian farmer, wrote me from some place with a strange name, after his return home, his main object in writing appeared to be merely to ask what was the best food for pigs, on the breeding of which his whole immediate attention was concentrated. The best manual on the subject that could be found was at once sent out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Air Attacks on London and Submarine Sinkings.

Some years ago a book came out, describing the life of an English Governess in Germany ; as far as can be remembered she was in the household of the ex-Kaiser. She described a wonderful and elaborate toy model of aeroplanes dropping bombs on London ; the bombs being represented by white balls operated from wires above, and moving by a mechanical contrivance so as to drop these quasi bombs on various buildings. The scions of the then Kaiser were given regular exhibitions of this machine in action, from time to time, by an officer appointed for the purpose. It will thus be evident that the Kaiser and his *entourage* were fully possessed of the idea of what might be done later, with a view to the destruction of London by air attack, and this must evidently have been frequently present to their minds.

It has often occurred to me, how almost impossible it must be for those who have not seen what actually occurred in the years from 1915 to 1918, and were not living in London at the time, to visualise the conditions of peril from this cause under which the population were living.

I will, therefore, relate a few experiences which came under my own observation. One evening while at Earlswood Mount, in the billiard room

watching a game between two clerical friends, someone rushed in and reported that an airship, probably a Zeppelin, was over the house. Our guests, incredulous, went on with the game and refused to be interrupted. I went out and looking up plainly saw the airship, floating motionless over our heads. Against a clear sky it looked like a big black cigar, and must have been at an elevation of some two or three thousand feet. From the top of the Common, whither I proceeded some time afterwards, distant detonations could be heard from the direction of Croydon. Next day, it was reported that serious damage and many casualties had occurred there.

Shortly after this, we removed to London, to Cadogan Place. It hardly occurred to any of us, except perhaps the servants, that we should be in greater danger there than in the country. In fact, all this time, though there were day by day reports of air attacks in all directions, causing loss of life and damage, no one seemed to be affected by fear, but went about their ordinary pursuits, as if none were called for. While we were in London, maroons sounded almost nightly, followed by anti-aircraft gun firing and explosions, especially on moonlight nights. We adopted the plan of spending our evenings in close proximity to the main wall by the fireplace in the lower hall, thinking this the safest position should a bomb fall on the roof. The servants in the floor below were told to do the same, and to be well supplied with tea, to keep up their spirits. One evening, while dining, one of our

daughters being with us, an exceptionally tremendous explosion took place, obviously within a quarter of a mile, perceptibly shaking the house. We found afterwards that an enormous bomb had fallen in Lyall Street, in the middle of the road, causing a cavity some 10 or 12 feet deep, and extending to the foot pavement on either side, but doing hardly any damage to the houses, except smashing the windows. Another time, the attack came later, and we had trustingly retired to bed, in the hope that for that night at least we were to be left in peace. Another daughter and her husband were in the house, when, about midnight, as before, maroons began to sound and bombs to fall, and we were all soon out of bed and downstairs in our refuge in the hall. About the same time, a bomb fell in front of 110, Eaton Square, tearing away the porch and parts of the front of the house.

But perhaps the worst experiences were in the City; there bombs were dropped on four different occasions within a hundred yards of our office in Lloyds Avenue. This centre was obviously selected owing to the proximity of (1) the Fenchurch Street Railway Station (connecting with the Docks); (2) Trinity House and the Mint; (3) the Tower of London; and (4) the Tower Bridge; none of these objectives were, strange to say, struck at any time, in spite of all efforts.

We had requested our landlords to protect the roof of the office building as far as possible, and this was done by putting a layer of concrete over the surface, with strong wire netting above. When

bombs were falling, the office staff would collect in the central passage, calmly waiting till the attack was over. To be near the windows was highly dangerous, not only in case of fragments finding a way in, but from broken glass; indeed, one of my partners was on one occasion thrown on his face by concussion from an outside explosion.

One morning on arriving at the office I found it necessary to call on a firm in St. Mary Axe. As I was returning towards Leadenhall Street an explosion occurred immediately behind the houses across the street. This was followed by at least four or five further explosions on one side or the other, in rapid succession. Everyone rushed under cover of the nearest entrance of one of the large buildings. With a sense of outrage and bravado, I persisted in pursuing my way. On reaching Fenchurch Buildings, I found myself swaying from side to side, unconsciously much shaken, a curious sensation never before experienced. I must have looked "scared," as a friend came up and asked me into his office for a glass of wine, which kindly offer I was foolish enough to refuse. When I got into Fenchurch Street, the attack appeared to have become exhausted; but the attention of the crowd was concentrated on a corner building opposite, the upper floors of which, I now observed, had been completely demolished. It was found afterwards that some 30 unfortunate occupants of this building had lost their lives; a Branch Bank, further down towards Aldgate, had also been destroyed. Later on, I was taken to view a building near Trinity Square,

where an unexploded bomb lay still embedded in the brickwork. On another occasion, a large bomb fell in the middle of Leadenhall Street, causing a hole fully 8 feet deep, immediately opposite the premises of some jewellers. Happily, no damage to the buildings or casualties had occurred.

The most notable of these demonstrations was seen on 6th July, 1916, from Sloane Square, on a fine sunny day about 11 a.m. It had become known, apparently by some intuition, that a fleet of aeroplanes was approaching, and a crowd had collected, my son Leonard being with me. Looking up to the sky westward, sure enough there they were, thirty or more aeroplanes sailing towards us at a considerable height, like a flock of birds. I counted 22 myself, others more. Steadily they advanced eastwards, ultimately over Hyde Park. Under other circumstances, this would have been a very pretty sight. We learned afterwards that a fearful amount of destruction had been caused in the closely populated area of East London.

Strange to say, these invasions by air, the only invasion ever attempted or considered by our enemies to be practicable, seemed to be regarded by the general public with an entire absence of anything like the panic which it must be supposed the German War Lords had hoped would be caused throughout England, and which it was even possibly hoped might lead to a demand for peace. No expectation could have been further from being realised. Indeed, these demonstrations appeared, on the contrary, rather to stiffen the determination

of the people to pursue the War until victory had been reached, the only possible conclusion, indeed, it ever entered their minds to contemplate. Such, it may be inferred, is British psychology.

It is truly remarkable, and should be gratefully remembered in the days to come, that when the whole campaign for the destruction of London and the conquest of England by terrorising the inhabitants, came to an end, not one of our greatest buildings had been destroyed or damaged. The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham Palace, the National and Tate Galleries, the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Imperial Institute, etc., all remained intact. There was a rumour that one of the turrets of St. Paul's had been hit, but of this I know of no confirmation. One of the City Companies' Halls, that of the Ironmongers' in Fenchurch Street, was damaged by the explosion of a bomb, in the Banqueting Hall, and the Hall is, I believe, now in process of reconstruction.

In every case where bombs fell in the streets, there was a tremendous destruction of glass, the pavements and roadways being covered with the shattered débris. This was, however, seen so often that it came to be regarded almost as a matter of course. The street, London Wall, near the Moorgate Street Station, was one of the worst examples. The damage everywhere was quickly made good. The demand for plate glass must have been enormous, the unfortunate Insurance Companies of course being the chief sufferers.

The loss of life from first to last was, undoubtedly, terrible, while it is truly a matter for wonder and thankfulness that the destruction was not far greater, especially in the more thickly peopled quarters of the Metropolis.

It goes without saying that similar occurrences were also taking place in other English towns in the Midlands and elsewhere, this account being confined to such only as came under one's own personal observation.

The systematic and wholesale sinking of our mercantile shipping by German submarines was a further horrible and greatly more serious feature of the Great War. Upon this destruction the Kaiser and his Staff, notably Admiral von Tirpitz, based great hopes, by the prevention of Great Britain's import of food from overseas, and thus starving out the population. Each day, on entering the Baltic Shipping Exchange, in the City, the first object of attention was the Green Board, with the names of vessels reported by Lloyd's and the Admiralty as having been sunk the day before. Six or seven large ocean steamers per day was a not infrequent record. It seems now nothing short of marvellous how philosophically, often even without comment, these records were read, even by the very owners of the tonnage sunk as well as by others interested. It is now known that the whole truth was not always told, either by Lloyd's or by the authorities, and that the actual losses were even greater than those reported.

So far as actual pecuniary loss was concerned there

was none. At the outbreak of the War, the Government wisely undertook the insurance of all sea-going tonnage. Every vessel was insured, at rates lower than those charged by the Insurance Companies. At first this was 6 per cent., it was then lowered, I think, to 4 per cent., and afterwards to even 2½ per cent. So enormous was the volume of tonnage covered, that at last, when these incredible outrages came to an end, there was a considerable balance remaining in the hands of the Government, from the premiums paid, after all claims had been satisfied. Millions of tons of shipping had been destroyed, and the total remaining afloat was alarmingly reduced, but only for the time being. Shipbuilding was going on in all the British yards with the greatest activity, also in the United States, and within a short period new ships were constantly taking the water. To such an extent has the replacement proceeded more or less ever since, that at the present time the world's ship tonnage largely exceeds that which existed before the War. So much for the German anticipation of starving the British nation into surrender.

It must occur to the thoughtful as surprising, that the continual sinking of our ships by German submarines exercised no deterrent effect upon the mentality of the British sailor. At every port they would continue to sign on, wherever seamen were wanted, as if no more than the ordinary risks of a sailor's life were involved. There were many instances of men blown up, sunk and rescued from death more than once, who would proceed almost

immediately, on coming ashore, to the shipping office to sign on for another voyage, as a matter of course.

This evidence of the dogged intrepidity of the British seaman has hardly received the recognition which might have been expected, and which it obviously deserves. It certainly does seem worthy of appreciation and wonder.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Family in the War.

It will hereafter be a source of pride and congratulation, as well as of gratitude to Almighty Providence, that in the Great War our family was privileged to bear a not unworthy part. Three of my sons and five sons-in-law took part in active service.

Cuthbert de Renzy-Martin, one of the latter, then in the 5th Gurkhas, at Abbottabad, N. India, came home, and changed into an English Regiment, the 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, which he commanded in France for over three years, till taken prisoner, and so remaining, lastly at Stralsund on the Baltic, till the end of the war, a period of nine months. At the Armistice in 1918, he superintended the embarkation for home and freedom of several thousand British fellow prisoners, including, I believe, over 500 other officers, at Copenhagen. On reaching England, with impaired health, his retirement was decided on, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, the C.M.G. and the D.S.O.

Our family was specially and wonderfully favoured in the ultimate safe return of all its members, with the exception of my son-in-law, Major Archie Roberts. My son Leonard went out to the Gallipoli Peninsula, in charge of a Company of the 4th Batt. Queen's R.W. Surrey Regiment, until invalided home after a year's service. He next joined the

Royal Flying Corps, with which he served to the end, in France commanding a Balloon Section. My next son, Hubert, having passed out of Sandhurst in 1910, joined the 1st Batt. The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment in February, 1911. When the War broke out he was prevented from going out with his Battalion, owing to an operation, till June, 1915. He was wounded in the following year and ordered home on sick leave. Three months later he rejoined his Battalion and served till the end of the War; for eight months Staff Captain at Headquarters, then Brigade Major, 18th Infantry Brigade, and finally Second in Command 2/4th Battalion till August, 1919, when he returned to England and rejoined the 1st Battalion at Clipstone, Yorkshire. He was twice mentioned in despatches, awarded the D.S.O. and given a Brevet Majority.

Leslie, the youngest, then about 19, received a Commission in the 3rd Batt. Coldstream Guards, in which he served for over three years, when he was awarded the M.C., charily bestowed in the Guards Regiments. The lives of all our three boys were thus in the end spared to us.

Archie Roberts, having retired from the Indian Army several years previously, again joined up, with the rank of Major, the 9th Yorkshires, and on first landing at Gallipoli was unhappily shot through the lungs, and died, after lingering some months in hospital, at Malta. He was related to that great soldier and hero, Lord Roberts, who became godfather to my grandson, who unhappily died in

Kashmir, when eight years old. It was owing to this connection, that I had the privilege of being invited, on one occasion, by Lord Roberts, in company with my daughter, to lunch at Englemere, near Ascot. Here we met Lady Roberts and their two daughters, and enjoyed an interesting afternoon, his Lordship showing me many historical relics connected with his career in India and Afghanistan. I was able to amuse him by relating how when, as General Sir Frederick Roberts, he was commanding in the march from Kabul to Kandahar, I was present at one of Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainments. The audience being as usual invited to name the particular figure whose portrait they would desire to be drawn by the automaton on the platform, the result was a unanimous call for that of Sir Frederick Roberts, undoubtedly then the hero of the day.

Viscount Charlemont, who married my daughter Evelyn, was anxious to join the Guards, but being prevented by delicate health, took up work at Woolwich Arsenal, which he pursued most arduously till the end of the war.

Alan Boyle, brother of Lord Glasgow, married our youngest daughter Isabel. He first joined the Scottish Fusiliers, but owing to breakdown from shell-shock, came home from France, and afterwards entered the Royal Air Force. Being ordered to Egypt, he had an extraordinary experience. Having been first brought down with his balloon, when searching for submarines, he was picked up by a steam transport ; the latter was next immediately

sunk with all hands, many lives were lost, but Boyle, after swimming for over half an hour, during which he bore up another man, was happily rescued, and put ashore at Alexandria, where he continued to serve with the Air Forces for a considerable time.

I must also in this record of Family War Services include the name of Major Victor Ferguson, who married my daughter Millicent. Ferguson had served with his regiment, the South Wales Borderers, through the Boer War, when he was twice named in despatches. He held for a time the post of Military Magistrate at Johannesburg. When the Great War began, in 1914, he joined the Special Intelligence Department, in which he served up to the date of the Armistice, a memorable one, being as observed on one occasion by H.M. the King, the 11th day of the 11th month of the year 1918.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I Retire from Business.

Early in 1919 there was a disposition on the part of the large Shipping Companies to absorb the businesses of the Foreign Coaling Contractors, especially those possessing property assets at the Coaling stations. I received one day a note from a gentleman in Cardiff, who wished to see me on behalf of Sir Owen Philipps, Chairman of the Union Castle Steamship Company, who, he stated, had been informed that we were desirous of disposing of our business.

I had *not* entertained any such idea, though the reported purchase by Lord Inchcape, Chairman of of the P. and O. Company, of the business of another firm in the same business, may no doubt have led to discussion in this connection between my partners and myself. The overture referred to, which was obviously entirely spontaneous, "gave, however, furiously to think," as the French say.

Having regard to general world post-war conditions, the prospects of commerce generally, and of the shipping and foreign coaling trades in particular, and the uncertainty as to its being possible to continue to carry on on the old lines, the idea of transferring our business to others more favourably situated for using it to advantage was certainly worth consideration.

Could we calculate upon contracting as before with the South Wales Collieries for our yearly

supplies of coal ? Or, again, should we be able to contract with the steamship companies for their requirements ? What would be the course of outward freights ? The outlook was uncertain.

I also now reflected that I had been carrying on our business, more or less personally, for a period of 44 years, and was beginning to feel the need of rest and less responsibility.

After anxious consideration, therefore, and consultation, the suggested interview took place. Negotiations lasted for some months, until finally a mutually satisfactory arrangement was arrived at, and the business passed into other hands, under the name of Hull, Blyth & Co., Ltd., an apparently unimportant change of title.

The staff, I believe all who desired it, retained their several positions, and a considerable solatium was distributed among them ; all the partners retired, while retaining a certain interest under the new auspices.

After the lapse of some three years, it is pleasing to be able to record that I had recently an interview with the new head of the business, now Lord Kylsant, who informed me frankly that he was completely satisfied with his side of the transaction.

Lord Kylsant is the son of a Welsh clerical Baronet of very old family, in fact the twelfth Baronet. Owen Philipps having begun his business life in the office of a Glasgow firm of shipowners, after which he came to London, opening an office in Leadenhall Street, with the management of, I think, one steamer, or possibly two. I well remember

calling upon him at that time, many years ago, with a view of asking his support as a business client. The one steamer was soon followed by others, and later on it was announced that he had become Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

About that time, my daughter and I were invited to stay at Fan Court, for the Ascot week. On alighting at the station I met Philipps, who with his wife were to be our fellow guests. I addressed the former inadvertently as "Sir Owen," but was promptly corrected. However, I laughingly remarked that the title was no doubt only an anticipation. Some time later, Philipps became Chairman of the Union Castle Line, founded by the late Sir Donald Currie, made a voyage to South Africa, and soon after his return was created a G.C.M.G., in recognition of his association with the Colonies of both South Africa and the West Indies. Subsequently, he took over control of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and other steamship lines, and is now undoubtedly one of the most prominent figures in the shipping world.

It will be easily understood, how important it had become that such a combination of shipping interests should have its complement in adequate coaling arrangements abroad, and how desirable and suitable therefore the acquisition of a business such as that of Hull, Blyth & Co.

Lord Kylsant is far from devoting his whole attention to business affairs, however important, and is occupied with the interests of the Church of Wales. He has also been President of the London

Chamber of Commerce. He has several brothers, the eldest being Lord St. Davids, another a distinguished General. I was once told that the head of this family held strong views of the necessity of self-reliance on the part of young men starting in life—a judgment well borne out by the signal success of the principle in his own family.

The sons of well-to-do parents are not infrequently prejudiced, rather than advanced, by the mistaken liberality of their parents, and in many cases might probably have done better in the long run if, having been once provided with the proper educational equipment, they were thrown out of the parental nest to make their own career in complete independence.

Of course, there is no rigid rule in these matters. Taking my own case, having once discovered the strain upon my parents to provide even for my start in life in Ceylon, I determined never to make any further call upon their slender resources, if this could possibly be avoided, and only on one occasion did the necessity arise for financial help from home, when a temporary debt to my good brother was incurred, which was, only too thankfully, afterwards repaid.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

County Work.

The readiness with which men can always be found to serve their country in public work without emolument, with an earnestness and concentration as great as if this were of immediate personal advantage, has always appeared to me one of the best features of English life, and so long as it continues we may well rest satisfied with our system of Local Government.

In the early nineties I determined to offer myself as local candidate for the Surrey County Council, and was duly elected. My opponent was a worthy local builder. I heard afterwards that the feeling among the local electorate was that the County Council was a sphere for people of independent means, otherwise called "gentlemen;" the Town Council being the domain of the tradesmen class. On a previous occasion I had been persuaded into offering myself as a candidate for the Town Council, but was ignominiously defeated by a stentorian and not very highly educated plumber employed by the Gas Company.

Happily, perhaps, these class distinctions are becoming less in evidence in these days, and one hears laments that the County Council is not quite up to the former social standard. On the other hand, there are also to be found men of some social importance, also taking part in municipal

affairs. The days, indeed, seem to be past for social position to be regarded as of much importance in such matters, nor need this be regretted so long as independent men of ability and public spirit are available. I found, however, that, as a business man, it was necessary to observe limitations in regard to public work, and after serving for some time on the Surrey Education Committee, I felt compelled to inform the Chairman that I must resign, having found that practically one's whole time was really required to carry on the work adequately and conscientiously. Finally I retired from the Council altogether, after some 15 years of the work.

I was not allowed to lie "perdu" and free from public pre-occupations for long, and was soon called upon to take a hand in various other local organisations. Among these was the Redhill Conservative Club. So active and earnest was my interest in politics at this time, local and generally, that I was suspected by some of my Radical friends of being a sort of secret agent of the Central office in London, which caused me much amusement.

The Club referred to was a poor building in itself, but answered its purpose fairly satisfactorily, having a large general room with a billiard table, reading and committee rooms, and, I believe, a membership of some 300. We had many pleasant gatherings in the evenings, with addresses from the Member for the Division and others, from time to time. There can be little doubt that these Clubs are decidedly useful in bringing men of all classes

together in an intimate and friendly way, and keeping up a sane and wholesome intellectual atmosphere, as opposed to the lurid socialistic and communistic ideas disseminated among the working classes. At first, the Club was run on so-called "Temperance," but really total abstinence, lines, but after a time it was generally agreed that this was unnecessary, if not actually undesirable. How could men be asked to spend an evening at the Club rather than at the public-house, a perfectly respectable and long-established hostel being at the adjacent corner, if they were to be restricted in the way of refreshment to tea or cocoa, instead of anything they might prefer? In fact, why should they be treated as children, as if unable to refrain from excess, when associating for sensible, friendly intercourse, and in support of a common political sentiment? Thus eventually a bar was established, providing beer, whiskies and sodas, etc. Holding these views, I seldom visited the Club of an evening without taking some such slight refreshment myself, and inviting perhaps one or two members to partake with me. No trouble ever occurred from this cause during my Chairmanship, and the Club increased in popularity, and influence.

It was most useful and effective in Parliamentary elections, which had taken place two or three times during our experience, and contributed materially to the success of the candidate. A canvassing committee was at once formed, which undertook the canvass of the town, street by street, each canvasser taking the locality in which he

lived, provided with the registration list giving the names of every voter, which when filled up was returned to the Committee. My occupation of the Chairmanship continued for 15 years, finally being elected a Vice-President for life.

About this time, a vacancy having occurred in the representation of the Division, through the succession of our Member to the Peerage, I was approached by a deputation of Redhill townspeople as to coming forward as Conservative Candidate. The question was a grave one. Rightly or wrongly, I believed myself to be a suitable candidate, as a well-known local resident and likely to be successful. I had always held the view that constituencies should, as far as possible, be represented in Parliament by local residents, rather than by outsiders unknown to the inhabitants, foisted on them by an authority in London.

It was disappointing to find, however, on the part of the Association of the Division, when invited to meet them, a less cordial attitude than I had looked for. They doubted my receiving the necessary support, which, in regard at any rate to the Redhill and Reigate Districts, was, I ventured to believe, an absolute certainty. I was not, indeed, equally well known in other parts of the Division, but felt fully prepared to put the matter to the test. The fact was however that some of the Association had already formed other views, being anxious to bring forward a candidate who, though entirely suitable in other respects, was quite unknown to and in no way connected with the locality. Having

always been unfortunately of a somewhat over sensitive temperament, the *least useful* quality in matters of politics, I felt a good deal hurt by the want of appreciation by the Association of work consistently, during many years, put in for the local Constitutional cause, and I came to the conclusion that it might be wiser to withdraw. In the end, therefore, my decision to do so was taken after careful consideration. During my many years in the City, business had always occupied my close personal attention, and it was obvious that to continue this, with parliamentary work added, would involve a greater strain than it would be wise to face. To be regular in attendance at the House of Commons, and on Committees, and at the same time to keep in close touch with the affairs of the firm, obviously meant that something might have to give way, with a breakdown as the result. Would it be right in the interests of my family, which had always been my main consideration, to accept so grave a risk? I concluded, and I still believe wisely, to forego the effort. The chance had come too late. Had I been a younger man, it would have been a delight to contest the election, and I should have thrown all my energies into the struggle.

I have entered fully into this subject, feeling that the course I finally resolved to take was more or less a disappointment to many old friends who would have wished to see me in Parliament, and it was a real trial to me not to be able to respond to their wishes.

The choice of the Association finally fell upon Major (afterwards Colonel) Rawson, a man of ability and personal attraction.

Having withdrawn from the contest myself, I felt it my duty to give full and active support to the Candidate adopted, but unfortunately the seat was on that occasion lost to the party, the Liberal Candidate being successful for the first time for many years. While regretting this disaster, I felt thankful that under the circumstances no responsibility rested on my shoulders.

This episode decided me to retire from further active participation in local politics.

I may here record that Colonel Rawson, who afterwards became our member for the South-East (Reigate) Division, and filled the position with satisfaction to the constituency for some years, and his wife, are both now no more, to the regret of all who knew them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Magistracy.

It is about 25 years since I was invested with the Commission of the Peace, first as a Magistrate for the Borough of Reigate, and afterwards, in 1903, for the County of Surrey. A large number of persons are always ambitious of attaining this position, and there are many more candidates for the Magisterial Bench than vacancies. For many years I was on a committee whose function was to make recommendations to the Lord Chancellor for appointment to vacancies as they arose, a very responsible work, requiring absolute impartiality, which indeed was always most conscientiously exercised, without reference to politics or personal relations. Certain suggestions from the authorities had also to be observed. At one time, it was that the representation of "Labour" should be recognised. At another, the most recent, that women should be represented.

With regard to the question of lady magistrates, everyone is entitled to their own opinion, but it is certainly a question whether a majority of public opinion is definitely favourable to their appointment. This is not from want of confidence in the conscientious desire of ladies to adopt a right decision in all cases, but rather perhaps from an idea that they are liable to be governed by sentiment where rigorous justice is required, in fact to be ruled

by their feelings. Of course, Lady Magistrates and Jury women are a new departure in Local Administration, which accounts for hesitancy on the part of the naturally cautious Englishman. However, think what he likes, that ladies are more and more being called to take part in these duties is an established fact no doubt come to stay. As far as Reigate is concerned, two ladies were recommended by our committee, for the Borough Bench, and duly appointed. Their success in the new *rôle* from the public point of view will doubtless be closely observed for a time.

A knowledge of criminal law is not really essential on the part of the ordinary Justice, although of course the better he is acquainted with the somewhat voluminous pages of "Stone's Justices Manual" the better. The Clerk of the Court is the real guide, being a lawyer himself and fully versed in the various Acts, his direction is always to be relied on, and few Magistrates could get on without it.

When notified by the Lord Lieutenant of his intention to submit anyone for appointment by the Lord Chancellor, an assurance is required that every assistance will be afforded to the Police, when called for. My services in this way were called for rather frequently, giving the pleasant sense of being of use. Before coming down to breakfast, the telephone bell would ring, "Can you attend Court at ten o'clock?" An affirmative answer was always given whenever possible, and it was generally *made possible!* This, and the fact that the telephone was always available, were perhaps

reasons why the Police so often favoured me with their attentions. Some Justices have been known to keep aloof from the telephone service, and thus avoid the too frequent attentions of the Police! In view of this, a qualification required by the Lord Lieutenant might well be the possession of telephone facilities, failing which the unfortunate constable may have a weary trudge from one house to another, involving waste of time and fatigue!

Our system of bringing up defendants promptly before the magistrates has everything to commend it. A few hours, or a night in the Police Station, often for some trivial offence, is all the inconvenience suffered, whilst there is no cost to the State, as in the cases of imprisonment to await trial. There are countries where this summary administration is not practised, and where arrest by the Police may be followed by a period of imprisonment before the accused is brought up. The foregoing remarks refer, of course, to local cases where only one magistrate is required. More serious offences, for which witnesses have to be called, are reserved for the weekly or fortnightly meeting of the Bench as a whole, cases of larceny to the value of over £5 are remanded to stand over for the next Assizes or Quarter Sessions. The Borough Bench is presided over by the Mayor for the time being, the County Bench by its Chairman. In the Reigate Division, our Chairman has for many years been Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bart., of Gatton Park, than whom no one, in this capacity, more fair-minded and pains-taking could be looked for. The findings of the

Court are by majority, as many as from six to ten Justices being sometimes present, and occasionally, when the evidence is conflicting, the issues complicated, the whole Bench will have to retire for consultation.

There are frequently letters in the Press, complaining of the frequency of fines instead of imprisonment, and advocating a more frequent resort to the latter. Such complaints are much in evidence in connection with charges of cruelty to animals. Greater severity in the cases of this nature may no doubt sometimes be desirable, but what is not generally known is that the magistracy is not always quite free, being under the injunctions of the Home Office to refrain from sentences of imprisonment as much as possible, with a view to saving the taxpayer. On the whole, whatever may be the criticisms of Police Court administration in this country, it cannot at least be as a rule fairly charged with harshness or severity.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Shrievalty.

Having acted as Magistrate for so many years, it was suggested to me that the time had come when it would be a fitting "wind-up" to serve the office of High Sheriff of the County. To relax thereafter from magisterial work, which in any case could hardly be expected to be very assiduous much longer, would be fairly excusable.

The idea had been considered more than once, but was brought to a point by my friend, Mr. Gordon Clark, of Mickleham, Dorking, himself the then High Sheriff, when we sat side by side at a dinner of the Surrey Magistrates Club. Each Sheriff has the privilege of nominating suitable persons to follow him in the office, and I consented to his placing my name on the list. Of those already down for future appointment it so happened that exemption was being applied for in one case, while neither of the other nominees was anxious for immediate service. Thus it came about that in due time I was "pricked" as High Sheriff of Surrey for the year 1921.

The office is one of great antiquity, probably some 800 years, and is held for one year only. It carries with it many duties and responsibilities, the chief of which is attendance upon the Judge at the Assizes. These are held three times in the year, and in the case of Surrey, at Guildford. The Sheriff is responsible for the accommodation and

entertainment of the Judge on these occasions, provides for his conveyance to and from the Court, and sits by his side in Court while the cases are proceeding. He is also expected to entertain the Grand Jury and the members of the Bar and others to lunch to meet the civic authorities, on the opening day of the Assizes. While these are in session, he usually resides at the local hotel. He has thus opportunities of entertaining also his Chaplain, the Under-Sheriff and others. I was fortunate in having the Rev. Canon Kirwan, Rector of Guildford, as my Chaplain, and Mr. C. R. Wigan as the indispensable Under-Sheriff, by both of whom, it should be recorded, all their proper duties were most efficiently and obligingly carried out.

The Sheriff is expected also to give various social entertainments in the County generally. Of these, during my year of office, there were Garden Parties at Earlswood Mount, in the summer, one of the former being for the members of the Chambers of Commerce of Reigate and Guildford and their wives, and the other for friends generally in the County; also a Ball at the Market Hall, Redhill. For the latter, while bearing all expenses, the guests were asked to pay for tickets, whereby a sum approaching £300 was raised for the Mayor's Unemployment Relief Fund.

An interesting feature of a Garden Party in the previous year—that of the Lambeth Conference—was the presence of a number of Bishops. I had asked our own Bishop (Southwark) and the Bishop of London to bring as many of their Episcopal

brethren as they could collect, and the latter triumphantly arrived with no fewer than eight, in two cars. Most of these prelates were from America, and of course exceptionally bright and genial men.

It is rather curious how much one seems to have been associated with members of the Episcopal Bench. This is no doubt partly due to my wife's cousin, Dr. Churchill Julius having first been Bishop of Christchurch, and now Archbishop of New Zealand, and also to my niece having married the Bishop of Singapore.

Among our guests on the above occasion were the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Talbot (formerly of Southwark). When attending a gathering at Kennington Park some time before, I had heard him say how much he wanted a holiday, but could not go far from London. It occurred to me to reply, "How would it do for your Lordship to occupy Earlswood Mount while we are abroad?" The Bishop looked at me and replied, "Do you mean that?" The result was that he and his family were installed in our home on Earlswood Common for some weeks of that summer, to our great mutual satisfaction, as well as that of the neighbourhood; the Bishop's youngest son, Gilbert, a former President of the Oxford Union, also a keen cricketer, was a quite remarkable young man. He afterwards, it will be remembered, went to the front, where he exercised a great religious influence, until, unhappily, his life was sacrificed to his country. Gilbert Talbot founded Toc H, a Cult still carried on in his memory. From this time the Bishop became an attached friend of the

family, and celebrated some of our most interesting domestic events, including the marriages of two of my daughters.

The personality of the Judge presiding at Assizes makes a good deal of difference to the High Sheriff. My predecessor in the office mentioned that he had found the Lord Chief Justice (now the Earl of Reading, Viceroy of India), who officiated during his year, an exceptionally charming individuality. In my own case, the Judge who sat at the first Assize was Mr. Justice Rowlatt; after him came Mr. Justice Bailhache, and at the Winter Assize, Mr. Justice Bray, the last named, since deceased, being of a very old Surrey family. We may indeed well feel proud of our Judges.

During the Assize of Mr. Justice Rowlatt, there were in one case 28 defendants, Birmingham men, arrested in an affray on the Epsom Road on Derby Day. Armed with crowbars and other weapons, these formidable ruffians had come in a body determined to break up a set of local racecourse men, and but for the prompt action of the police much trouble would certainly have resulted. The Judge had to request special police protection for the Court, and the men being tried in a body, the dock had to be enlarged. The trial of so many prisoners together constituted, I was informed, a record, of which Counsel for the defence took full advantage. No difficulties, however, resulted, the Judge being most careful to consider each man's case individually. In summing up, he took the unusual course of dealing with the gang collectively in the first instance,

taking afterwards each individual by himself, the Jury keeping the other prisoners below, until by degrees all came to know the verdicts and sentences. Any resort to collective violence, the possibility of which had caused anxiety, was thus avoided. This trial lasted a week. In the result, six cases were withdrawn for lack of identification, in five the verdict was "Not Guilty," and in the remaining cases sentences of from three years' penal servitude to nine months' hard labour were inflicted, without any disorder having arisen. A further episode of this Assize was the award by the Judge of £10, to a young Guildford man, for having assisted the police in the capture of a Sinn Feiner.

One of the responsibilities of High Sheriff is to ensure the due carrying out of the capital sentence. Happily, there were no capital cases during my year of office. It should be added, that the Under-Sheriff relieves the High Sheriff of this and other of the trying personal executive work.

Much was at one time made of the question of the precedence of the High Sheriff or the Lord Lieutenant; this is now no longer a matter of controversy. According to Blackstone, "the Sheriff held precedence, being the authority to call out the 'posse comitatus'" in the case of riots or breach of the peace, and was recognised as "the first man in the county," and consequently precedes the Lord Lieutenant. This is referred to by Mr. Disraeli in "Lothair." All this is now obsolete, King Edward VII having decided in 1904 that the Lord Lieutenant has precedence

within his county, as was recorded in the *London Gazette* of February 4th of that year.

Our Lord Lieutenant, now Lord Ashcombe, was for many years our Member of Parliament for the Reigate Division, as the Hon. Henry Cubitt, and naturally I had a good deal to do in helping to promote his return. He held the position till his accession to the House of Lords. The loss of his three sons during the War aroused the deepest sympathy in the county.

An entertainment which gave me great satisfaction during my year of office, was a dinner to about 100 members of the Friendly Societies and their wives, at the Warwick Hotel, Redhill, several other distinguished guests being present.

These Societies constitute a highly important element in English life, to an extent which hardly receives from the public generally the full recognition they deserve. The Odd-Fellows Society (the "Manchester Unity"), for instance, has an immense membership, their invested funds amounting to some fifteen millions sterling, while the membership of all the principal Societies cannot be less than between five and six millions, with invested funds amounting to some fifty millions.

The immediate objects are:—

1. The relief and maintenance of members and their families in sickness.

2. The provision for necessities arising in connection with births and deaths.

3. The assistance of members in distressed circumstances.

4. Medical attendance and medicines.

5. Maintenance when travelling in search of employment. Replacing tools when accidentally destroyed.

6. Providing Pensions in old age, etc.

Every local Society, Branch or Lodge is affiliated to the central organisation, and by Act of Parliament has its books and balance sheets audited once a year, under direction of the Chief Government Registrar for England, or the Assistant Registrar for Scotland and Ireland.

The whole system is one of voluntary association for mutual help, thrift and manly independence, as the Secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters in a recent letter says: "There can surely be no question that such a spontaneous organisation of the working men of England, with such objects, has tended to an immense development of good Citizenship during the last two centuries, and to promoting the well-being of the nation as a whole."

The Friendly Societies are in my opinion composed of the cream of our labouring population, and should be encouraged and supported in every possible way. Perhaps I may be allowed to mention that I have myself been for many years an honorary member of two of them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Departed Statesmen.

It is interesting to look back upon occasions on which I had the opportunity of seeing some of the great public personalities of the past. Few English statesmen have been more bitterly disliked by a majority of the upper classes, or more enthusiastically hailed by the crowd, than Mr. Gladstone. The first time I saw him was when he addressed a multitudinous gathering on Blackheath. Again when he attended a gathering at the Imperial Institute, and was loudly hissed by a somewhat ill-mannered but fashionable assembly, while at the time escorting the highly popular Princess Mary of Cambridge. On another occasion he was in a railway carriage in the station at Perth, when I thought he presented a singularly forbidding aspect. The next time, more historical, was in the House of Commons, when expounding his views in reference to the Suez Canal. He took pains to lay down to his own satisfaction that this country was without any rights in the Canal, which he declared to be entirely French—France being, moreover, exclusively possessed of *all rights* in the Isthmus of Suez itself. This statement was, in point of fact, incorrect, inasmuch as the Egyptian Government concession to M. de Lesseps was clearly restricted to a certain area across the Isthmus, sufficient only for the Canal with a margin on both sides. Loud protests resulted, and from none more vehemently (though as a visitor

sotto voce) than from my friend, Sir James Laing, an important shipbuilder from Sunderland, afterwards one of the British directors of the Suez Canal Company, by whom I was sitting in the Strangers' Gallery.

The unwisdom, indeed impropriety, of such a renunciation by the Prime Minister of British rights in the Isthmus of Suez must be obvious to all. Whatever may have been Mr. Gladstone's claims to greatness as a statesman and a financier, foreign politics were not his strong point. The withdrawal in South Africa after Majuba, and the sacrifice of Gordon and the Egyptian forces at Khartoum, may, among others, be taken as instances.

I saw his protagonist, Mr. Disraeli, once or twice, being one of the crowd which, outside Charing Cross Station, hailed his triumphant return from the Berlin Conference, bringing (to use his own words) "Peace with Honour." On another occasion I met him walking in Pall Mall, immaculately attired and wearing a pair of canary-coloured kid gloves, the "beau" to his finger-tips!

Both Gladstone and Disraeli are now gone, and their names passed into history. Their places were taken by Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Randolph Churchill, all of whom I was fortunate to hear speak on several occasions; other great men whom one remembers have also passed into the shadows. Mr. Balfour, now Earl Balfour, remains still a connecting link with those days, and will, perhaps, leave as highly appreciated a record as any of those who preceded him.

On one occasion, when Lord Salisbury was being entertained at the Constitutional Club, a politician of prominence, on the Liberal side in politics, had on the same day been elected Chairman of the London County Council, a selection regarded with anything but approval in the atmosphere of the Club. I went up to Lord Salisbury and reported the circumstance. His answer was to the point. "No matter," he said, "A great 'Ass'!" I was much struck and amused by this definite method of disposing of the subject!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Royal Earlswood Institution.

In about 1896, a new and entirely unsought interest was introduced into my life, and has been a source of serious pre-occupation up to the present time. It came about in this way. One Sunday afternoon two gentlemen visitors were announced, one a near neighbour, the other the retiring Medical Superintendent of the great Institution on the other side of the Common, then known as the Earlswood "Asylum for Idiots."

This asylum had been founded about 60 years before by Dr. Reed, a well-known philanthropist, who founded also the Reedham Orphanage at Purley. My visitors stated that it had come to their knowledge that the Board were proposing, in consequence of the recent death of one of their number, a near neighbour, to invite me to join the Board of Management. This proposal my two visitors had come to strongly advise me *not* to comply with. Their reasons were that the Institution was being mismanaged, and so much disorganised that only discredit could result from becoming connected with it.

This deplorable account was distressing indeed, but it occurred to me that in such circumstances the path of duty might lie the other way, and that living so near the Institution it should be considered very seriously whether it might be possible to improve

conditions affecting an Institution founded with so obviously beneficent an object.

Some time afterwards, I received the anticipated invitation to join the Board, and having in the meantime thought the matter over, called at the offices in London, telling the Secretary of the reports I had received. He admitted that conditions at Earlswood were not all that could be desired, though he firmly believed that, with well-directed effort, efficiency could be restored. In the meantime, a new Medical Superintendent, Dr. Caldecott, had been appointed, and I was able to gather full particulars of how matters really stood.

It appeared that the Board consisted of several rather easy going old gentlemen, many of whom had occupied the position for many years, each having his favourite satellite among the Staff, from whom he received private reports, often reflecting on their superiors and even the Medical Superintendent, who was never himself allowed to be present at the Board meetings, although nominally responsible for the management of the Institution. Dr. Caldecott stated that his position was consequently so intolerable, that he feared he would be unable to retain the appointment. Reform was obviously called for. The question was, how could this be effected ?

It seemed obvious that no one, single-handed, could do much in the face of the opposition which would certainly be met with. I therefore intimated that only on the one condition that I should be allowed to nominate two other new members besides myself, could I consent to

join. This was agreed to. I explained the position to two of my friends, one the neighbour who had advised me to have nothing to do with the Institution, and the other, a retired Indian Civilian residing in the neighbourhood, and invited them to unite with me in the effort. To this they consented, and we were all three duly elected.

At our first meeting, I informed the Board of the reports which were current, leading to our conviction that a serious effort was called for to reform the whole system of management. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the opposition encountered, which was only what had been fully expected, but in the end, a resolution was agreed to that a formal Report should be prepared by the Medical Superintendent and the Secretary; other similar Institutions to be visited with a view of studying their rules and methods. The result was a valuable and exhaustive Report from these officials, some months later, extending over some 70 pages of foolscap.

This involved prolonged and careful study, but eventually the suggestions contained were narrowed down into a minute which was presented to the Board. Needless to say, the discussions which followed were animated, but within a couple of months all my recommendations had been finally adopted, while several of the older dissentient members resigned their seats.

The main points now decided on, were that the Medical Superintendent, who, by the Society's Rules, was responsible for the whole internal management, should be endowed with the necessary

authority to effectively discharge this responsibility and henceforward be entitled to attend Board Meetings, submit his own reports, and afford information as required, but, of course, without power to vote. I may here record, that as a result of these decisions, an immediate saving was effected in the cost of household maintenance during the following year of some £4,000.

I was next elected Chairman, an office which I have held for the last 23 years, and will now very willingly retire from as soon as a younger substitute can be found. The anxieties and responsibilities of the position are very great, involving constant vigilance and effort, as will be understood when it is considered that, while *without endowment or aid from any public source*, the normal expenditure of the Institution is over £45,000 a year.

In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Care of the Mentally Defective, the number of these unfortunate people in England and Wales was given as upwards of 67,000 in need of custodial treatment, while Earlswood, the pioneer Institution, and the other kindred voluntary charities deal only with a number falling short of some 5,000. Since the date of the report, however, the County Councils have undertaken the obligation of providing for the larger proportion of the remainder, in special institutions provided under the rates.

I should, before leaving the subject, place on record that it has been found necessary, in deference to modern susceptibilities and the feelings of the relatives, to change the title of our Institution,

omitting the words "Asylum" and "Idiots," as in the original Charter, while subsequently, by permission of His Majesty King Edward VII, the title "Royal" has been added. The Institution is, therefore, now known as the "Royal Earlswood Institution for the Mentally Deficient."

Our Institution has passed through times of great difficulty, which have been wonderfully surmounted, the most serious being the discovery, some years ago, that the great range of buildings was showing signs of collapse. It was then discovered that the walls were without foundations. Thus was involved underpinning, reconstruction of walls, and of roofs in many parts, at a cost of some £60,000, which it may be supposed could only be raised with the very greatest difficulty. Even now, the whole of the restorations have not been fully completed, parts being dealt with from time to time as means are available.

As showing the call for effort on the part of the Chairman for maintaining the finances of such an Institution, the following will interest. Our finances are largely dependent on the so-called "Annual Festival Dinner" which, in common with that of most charities, is held in the summer. During the war period, these celebrations had to be discontinued, involving a heavy loss of income at the very time when, owing to the advance in food prices, our needs were the greatest. Accordingly, in 1916 I made a personal collection among my friends in the City—shipowners and others. This resulted in a most gratifying response, a sum of no less than £3,200 being subscribed.

Before ending this chapter, I feel it a conscientious duty to relate a highly remarkable event in connection with the Earlswood Institution. During the period of the War and afterwards, our expenditure in maintenance became higher and higher, while our revenue was far from being sufficient to meet it. The only recourse was our bankers, to whom our indebtedness grew constantly heavier, at last reaching £25,000. The work could not have been carried on otherwise. This burden weighed on the management night and day! How could such a sum ever be paid off? For how long would it bear us down? The answer was sent, and in a manner apparently as miraculous as unlooked for!

One day in 1919 our good secretary, Mr. Howard, announced that an old subscriber, Mr. W. H. L. Ray, with whom he alone had been acquainted, had died at Worthing, leaving the Institution over £40,000! This could indeed only be hailed with true gratitude to a kind Providence, as a gift from Heaven!

The legacy was received, the debt to the bank paid off, the interest accruing saved, and the Institution restored to immediate financial soundness! Who shall say that the day of miracles is past?

Dr. Caldecott has been lately called to his rest, after 27 years' service, to the very great sorrow of all, including the Staff, and even of the inmates themselves.

The Institution was originally under the official control of the Commissioners in Lunacy, but is now under the authority of the Board of Control, with which body the former has now been merged.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

We Leave Earlswood Mount and Reigate.

Having now retired from business, with all its insistent obligations and anxieties, and looking forward to a life of less activity, it began to dawn upon me that the time had also arrived to move to other surroundings. This presented a problem indeed, and rather alarming, to one of my conservative temperament. My wife I found to be likewise in favour of the contemplated change. Earlswood Mount had been our home for an unusually long period, and the birthplace of several of the family. The latter were now dispersed, and had homes and families of their own. The place itself was larger than when we first acquired it, and had much accommodation no longer needed under present conditions or those of the future. Everything was representative of the past. Stabling and coach-houses were no longer occupied, tennis courts were unused, even the billiard room only occasionally visited.

A smaller establishment would suit us better, especially in view of the increased taxation, and carry fewer obligations. In following these indications, we should also be moving with the times. The daily advertisements in newspapers such as *Country Life* and *The Times*, of places for sale, from great estates down to properties such as ours, were signs of a general movement in progress.

Few families in the country, in these days of unprecedented taxation, simultaneous with higher wages and cost of living, seemed to be able to hold their ground in the general land-slide.

All the same, it is not an easy matter to root oneself out of a home and surroundings of nearly 40 years. Our doing so would certainly more or less affect many with whom we had been for so long happily associated. Our poorer neighbours had looked to us since they were boys and girls in the national schools and at play on the commons, and, it could hardly be doubted that we should be missed by many, and that our migration would cause more or less disturbance to many old friends and neighbours.

About this time, I received a visit from an ex-Mayor of the Borough, with whom I had long been on terms of friendship, and with whom I had often co-operated in local matters. He informed me that the Mayor and Town Council having learned of our approaching departure from the neighbourhood, were desirous of offering some special mark of their esteem. They, therefore, proposed to confer upon me the Freedom of the Borough. Nothing could well be more gratifying.

Although an ancient and historic town, one of the resting places of the Canterbury Pilgrims passing to and from Winchester, as far back as the days of Chaucer, and associated with the meeting of the Barons in King John's time, Reigate was not incorporated as a Municipal Borough till 1863. The junction of the South Eastern, Chatham and

Dover and the Brighton railways, at Redhill, had the effect of bringing about a large increase of population on the eastern side of the Borough, so that Redhill had now some nineteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, while that of old Reigate remained more or less stationary at about nine thousand. The two towns had become united, thus constituting a Municipal Borough with about 30,000 inhabitants. It was of this Borough that I was invited to become a "Freeman." The honour had been previously conferred only on two occasions, and then upon aldermen, both of whom had held the office of Mayor more than once. These had now passed away. The Freedom was now intended to be conferred also upon an Alderman and former Mayor, a tradesman of the town, thus restoring the Freeman's list to its previous number.

I was invited to attend a public meeting of the Corporation and Burgesses, presided over by the Mayor, in the Municipal Buildings, Reigate, on 29th May, 1922, when I was presented with an illuminated Memorial recording the event, bound in morocco, which I trust and believe will be valued by my family hereafter.

Having regard to the rarity of such as spontaneous recognitions of the good feeling of the community, certain reflections naturally suggested themselves. Whether I was deserving of the distinction it is not for me to judge, but there was the consciousness of a certain diffidence on the subject. I had the good fortune to be the means of securing for the inhabitants in perpetuity the Sports Ground at

Redhill, aided by the generosity of the freeholder, Lord Monson. The main consideration seemed to be that I had tried to take an interest in local affairs in a friendly and sympathetic spirit, for some 40 years, just, indeed, as anyone else in my position might have done. Some local residents had, indeed, done bigger things, such as the gift of Public Baths by Mr. Crosfield, the Priory Hill Ground by Mr. Randal Vogel, and the Reigate Park Hill by Mr. Taylor.

It can hardly be denied that there is too great a lack of public-spirited citizenship on the part of the occupants of the larger properties in such localities. Utter indifference is commonly shown in the case of Municipal elections, few taking the trouble even to enquire as to the candidates or to vote. I well remember having tried to induce friends to vote for candidates for the Town Council, but without success. On one occasion, when the polling place was passed *en route* from the station, I tried to catch City men pouring out. One said to me, "Oh, it is all very well for you; you take an interest in these matters. They are not in my line." This spirit cannot be too strongly deprecated. The home is looked upon as a place to dine and sleep in. Could these people be brought to reflect that the locality also has claims on their citizenship, and that as members of the community they should take a hand in influencing local affairs, much benefit would result.

Looking at things in this way, it was almost shamefacedly that I now began to take the necessary steps for the exodus in prospect, and for finding

a new home. The publicity of sale boards and newspaper advertisements was repellent, and some more private method of procedure would have been preferred. This was unpractical, and such feelings were summarily set aside by energetic house agents, through whom we found a purchaser for the property.

Before saying good-bye to Reigate, I should like to mention the Reigate Church Society, in which I took an active interest, and indeed may lay claim to have been the means of resuscitating after a temporary lapse of some years. The Society was composed not only of the Clergy of the Borough and surrounding Parishes, but also of Church Laymen, in about equal numbers, with, it will probably be understood, both useful and happy results. Our meetings used to take place once a month during the greater part of the year, at the house of one or other of the members giving an invitation for the entertainment. Our Hon. Secretary for many years was my old friend the Rev. R. I. Woodhouse, Rector of Merstham and Rural Dean, and is now the Rev. Walter Godwin, Vicar of South Park. On the Hon. Secretary rests the responsibility of arranging for a "Paper" upon some subject more or less connected with Church interests. Sometimes it would extend beyond this range, and on one occasion even Einstein's Theory of "Relativity" engaged our perplexed consideration. After the reading of the "Paper," each member present, the numbers being usually from fifteen to twenty, was entitled and expected to comment for not more than ten minutes,

but generally more briefly. Recalling the occasion of the above abstruse subject, the obvious conclusion seemed to be that one would wish to hear the "Paper" again, and even perhaps a *third* time, when some glimmering of the scope of the wonderful subject might possibly emerge! After these proceedings, the company would adjourn for supper, with a genial hour of social converse. Such meetings between the Clergy and Laity seemed to me to be always greatly enjoyed and tending to good fellowship on both sides.

Still, there was the great question as to our future home. Where were we to begin? The home counties, of course, had the preference, Surrey if possible.

Our eyes turned first in one direction, then in another. Wimbledon might perhaps be the most desirable district, with its extensive commons and Richmond Park in close proximity, as well as being near to Kingston-on-Thames, with its County Hall, etc. In the end Park Gate House, Ham Common, came under consideration, and was finally decided on, in view of the exceptional charm of its position, with Ham Common on one side and Richmond Park on the other. It is to be hoped we may here spend peacefully the rest of our lives. The neighbourhood has many historic memories of the days of Charles II and the Georges, as shown in the fine old brick mansions still occupied, while my wife's grandfather, Dr. Julius, when physician to George IV, lived in the old Palace on Richmond Green, which was also the birthplace of her father.

CHAPTER XL.

English Porcelain.

For many years I derived much interest and satisfaction from collecting old English Porcelain, "Chelsea," "Worcester" and "Bow," and it is rather amusing to recall how this preoccupation came about. I was making one of my periodical visitations in the North of England, and, when at Whitby, was attracted by a number of really pretty pieces of china in the window of a small shop, inscribed with the legend "Chelsea." I went in, and found a collection of tea pieces of a description quite unusual, light, and translucent, with tasteful flower decoration, and all richly gilt. The shopman assured me they were genuine "Old Chelsea," and impudently appealed to the *gold anchor* on the bottom of each piece, this being the mark of the highest class of the celebrated ware. Now, it must be understood, that at this time I was blissfully ignorant of the characteristics of old "Chelsea," which to me was only a name, and accepting the dealer's assurance, I foolishly bought the whole for something like £20, which seemed not a very serious price. The collection was duly forwarded to The Mount, and placed in a cabinet.

Soon afterwards, a friend came to the house, and in the course of conversation I mentioned my purchase, which he asked to see. I led him to the cabinet, and exhibited my trophies, with much

satisfaction. He took one or two pieces in his hand, and turned to me saying, "I am afraid you have been done; this is not 'Chelsea' at all!" Here was a terrible blow; I pointed to the gold anchor "mark." "Oh," said he, "that is nothing. The fact is this is *French*, and the French makers frequently put the old marks on their spurious imitations." As I knew my friend fully understood the subject, I accepted his judgment with the best grace I could! This incident set me thinking. From that day I could hardly bear the sight of the French Whitby china, which although attractive enough in itself, was after all the one thing I have always most disliked, a sham and an imitation.

At the same time, I became filled with a determination to possess some of the *real thing*. I, therefore, set to work to make myself acquainted with the characteristics and history of the old Chelsea manufacture. This industry came to an end in or about 1765, when it was removed to Derby. After a time, I was fairly able to judge a genuine piece when I saw and *felt* it, and when on a holiday took to visiting all kinds of insignificant antique shops, resulting first and last in the purchase of a number of pieces. Among the various dealers I visited was one at Brighton. I became well acquainted with his manager, so that the latter from time to time would come up to "The Mount," bringing up specimens of "Chelsea" as well as "Bow" and "Worcester" on approval, many of which were quite worthy of attention.

This was many years ago, and it is much more difficult to find old porcelain in such places at the present time, and only those willing to buy from dealers of well-known standing, and at their own prices, are likely to come across much of the kind worth having.

After having got together quite a nice little collection, I now became seized with misgivings. amounting to panic, by which amateurs are not infrequently affected.

My purchases had been made entirely on my own judgment, without expert advice, and it came upon me that more than likely I might, after all, have been deceived once more, and that this collection, upon which I had spent several hundred pounds, might be nothing more than "fakes." This misgiving grew upon me to such an extent that, unable to endure it any longer, I sent the whole up to Christie's for sale. This was, of course, a most foolish course, and one I have never ceased to regret. The sensible thing in the circumstances would have been to get some expert advice before acting in a panic, when, as was afterwards fully proved, I should have found my doubts and misgivings quite uncalled for. The sale at Christie's resulted in a larger sum than I had laid out, nor was any question of genuineness raised in regard to a single piece. Unfortunately, I had parted with several pieces of considerable rarity and value, which I have never, in spite of repeated efforts, been able to replace.

This experience, which gave me the reverse of

satisfaction, had at least the effect of making me more determined than ever to form a "collection" of old English porcelain, however small; something that would be "a joy for ever," of things of real beauty, and, moreover, entirely of the past and no longer produced.

The old Chelsea works, long since closed, were representative of the unsurpassed painstaking English art of the eighteenth century, and one cannot take up one of the productions of some of the old artist designs without feelings of admiration and affection.

The value of these things has, of course, greatly increased of recent years, partly for the above reasons, and partly owing to the fact that it is diminishing in quantity, and no longer procurable except at relatively high prices.

It was a great pleasure to me, during the War, to send up a few pieces to be sold at Christie's for the benefit of the Red Cross Society. They realised more than double the prices they had cost. Some years ago my comparatively small collection was catalogued by Mr. Albert Amor, of St. James' Street, and valued at a considerable sum—while many pieces have been added since that time.

It occasionally happens that anyone, even experienced experts, can be mistaken in buying these things. On one occasion, I was asked to lend some pieces for an exhibition in Bond Street, held on behalf of a Charity, and requested an expert to visit my collection and choose some pieces for the purpose. I had a group representing a mother in

the nursery, with cradle, etc. My expert took it up and asked where it came from. When I gave him particulars, he at once offered to buy it at £50. I declined the offer, and some years afterwards discovered it was not "Chelsea" at all, but the product of some Continental factory, possibly Dresden. On another occasion, I bought a pair of candlesticks with figures, which I felt fairly sure of. They had come out of a house in London, whereof the contents had been taken over at a lump sum, the vendors giving no guarantee. However, to make sure, I thought I would submit these pieces to the inspection of an official at the South Kensington Museum. This gentleman rejected the two pieces as well conceived imitations.

The best guarantee of all is, I think, the judgment of Christie & Co., who will not enter in their sales catalogues anything which they are not satisfied to be genuinely described.

A curious instance of how the experts can make mistakes has been lately afforded. A large group offered at Christie's was bought by Mr. Amor for 150 guineas, its genuineness as "Chelsea" being doubted by the dealers. Mr. Amor, however, recognised it as an old piece, and I believe it afterward realised some £2,000.

Printed by Harrison and Sons, Ltd., St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. 2.